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The Shape of Things

THE RED ARMY'S SUCCESSFUL BREACHING of the Dnieper line is a convincing demonstration both of its tremendous *élan* and of brilliant organization and leadership. When the Germans retired on this line in good order they took up a defensive position which, as Donald W. Mitchell points out on another page, they had every incentive to hold. And they had reason to expect a pause enabling them to catch their breaths if only because the Russians, after advancing rapidly over a huge area of twice-scorched earth, might reasonably have been expected to spend many weeks in improving their communications before resuming the offensive. However, after a very brief lull, the Germans found themselves being hit, and hit hard, in many different parts of the line. Russian bridgeheads established on both sides of Kiev suggested that the recapture of that great city was a primary objective. But then came a furious attack on Melitopol, near the Sea of Azov, which was captured after many days of terrific fighting, accompanied by the driving of a wedge deep into the enemy lines north and east of the great Dnieper dam. As a result the one German line of retreat from the Crimea is endangered and a Russian victory comparable to Stalingrad in the making.

★

ON HIS RETURN TO ITALY AFTER MANY years of exile, Count Sforza declared that he had come back as a private citizen whose only interest was in helping to win the war against Germany. Until that goal was reached he would not, he said, proclaim for any party nor would he join the Badoglio or any other government not chosen by the Italian people. It seems probable that he will have great difficulty in adhering to this self-denying course. Strong pressures, we expect, will be used to persuade him to lend his prestige to the Badoglio government, which badly needs some respectable liberal trimmings. There have even been suggestions that he might be appointed Prime Minister and Badoglio relegated to the position of War Minister or Commander-in-Chief. If he resists these pressures—and we would expect him to unless he is given full power to choose his associates in the government—he is likely to be drawn toward the Partito d'Azione (Action Party) which,

uniting a large number of democratic groups, is claiming him as its leader. Although the Anglo-American authorities appear to believe that Italy can remain a political vacuum until the war is over it is obvious that, even if the present regime is accepted as a military expedient, preparation must be made for the promised day when Italians can once again choose their own government.

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POLITICAL DISCUSSION AND AGITATION IN Italy was growing even before the fall of Mussolini but it had to stay underground. If the Badoglio government attempts to suppress it it will continue underground. Will the Allied Military Mission, which is the de facto power behind the throne, then sanction the use of Gestapo-like methods to stamp it out? The issue may be brought to a head by the arrest of three prominent liberals in Apulia for issuing a clandestine newspaper. Since the only authorized journal is the official government sheet, no other method of disseminating their views was open to them. According to Herbert L. Matthews, the *New York Times* correspondent, neither the Badoglio government nor the Allied Military Mission is eager to accept responsibility for this action, which is laid at the door of a local authority. But obviously this kind of excuse will hold water only if the men are immediately released. As we cannot believe that the Allies will, in fact, permit freedom of discussion to be fought by terror, they will be compelled to insist either that the Badoglio government turn a blind eye to "illegal" political activities or that it remove a curb which cannot be enforced or defended.

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THE ARGENTINE COLONELS WHO, AS MANUEL Seoane pointed out in *The Nation* of October 16, are the power behind the Ramirez regime, appear to be as profoundly stupid as they are reactionary. If they had seized the opportunity, when they overthrew the Castillo government, to join with the United Nations they could have pursued their program of domestic fascism with no questions asked. After all, neither the State Department nor the British Foreign Office has been unduly fussy about the democratic credentials of nations which elected to fight the Axis. Even if Argentina's part in the war had been little more than nominal, it would probably have obtained the arms which its military so eagerly desire to give it equality with Brazil. But the Colonels were emotionally tied to the Axis and had no desire to hasten the break. So the government attempted to get a promise of arms from Washington without committing itself. The result was a snub which made it impossible for Ramirez to end the neutrality policy without appearing to yield to United States pressure and so "losing face." The Cabinet split on the issue, and the proponents of adherence to the United Nations resigned. Colonel Alberto Gilbert, who is said to have given a pledge that

there would be no break with the Axis so long as he was in the Cabinet, has been promoted from Minister of the Interior to Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a notorious anti-Semite has been made Minister of Justice. These moves have not strengthened the government's prestige, and public criticism is growing bolder despite stringent censorship and concentration camps. A manifesto signed by 150 leading citizens has called for "effective democracy" and "loyal fulfilment of international obligations." All signatories holding public positions have been dismissed, but this revengeful step has only led to new protests and increased agitation.

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ONCE MORE THE PRESIDENT HAS TAKEN THE helm at a critical moment. As in the gloomy days of last June when the farm bloc was riding high in Congress, he has served notice that the present price line must be held and has presented a vigorous defense for subsidies as the most effective way of holding it. As the President has pointed out, the farmers have been getting subsidies for a decade, and no one has suffered any of the dire consequences predicted by the farm-bloc leaders. The recent action of the House Banking Committee terminating most subsidies on December 31, if upheld in Congress, would destroy all possibility of maintaining the present OPA ceilings and intensify labor's growing discontent. In an effort to hold off labor's demands until he has won his subsidy fight, the President held a long conference last week with the leaders of the A. F. of L., the C. I. O., and the railway brotherhoods. Taking account of criticism which has been leveled at the cost-of-living index prepared by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Mr. Roosevelt agreed to have a committee appointed to check its adequacy; he did not, however, consent to a revision of the Little Steel formula under present conditions. The President has shown statesmanship in his initial efforts to stave off disaster, but he will need the support of every patriotic citizen if he is once more to be successful.

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VICE-PRESIDENT WALLACE APPARENTLY PUT his finger on an extremely sore point when he denounced railway and transportation monopolies in his recent speech at Dallas. Railway spokesmen and conservative newspapers have gone to great lengths to describe the charges as "old stuff" that have been "answered time after time." Their replies have, however, scarcely touched Mr. Wallace's main allegations, which were: (1) that discriminatory rates are keeping the South and West in a colonial status; (2) that newer forms of transportation are being brought under monopoly control; and (3) that monopolistic conditions in transportation are fostering monopolies in industry. On the question of rates, Mr. Wallace advanced a number of specific examples to

show how Southern and Western industry is handicapped in competition with similar industries in the North and East. The railways do not deny the accuracy of Wallace's figures; they seek refuge in the fact that all rates must be reviewed by the Interstate Commerce Commission—a body which has seldom distinguished itself by zeal or independence in dealing with this admittedly thorny question. Many of Mr. Wallace's hearers could probably have contributed from first-hand experience supplementary data to prove his final contention regarding the effectiveness of transportation in fostering other monopolies. For nearly every Texan is aware of the decisive role of the railways in the struggle between the great oil companies and the independents. Politically, the speech was an extraordinarily astute one—a fitting answer to those who have been trying to count Mr. Wallace out for 1944.

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FOES OF THE FEDERAL-AID-TO-EDUCATION bill succeeded in frustrating ten years of effort to equalize educational opportunity in the United States by a last-minute trick of unusually knavish character. Until the last two hours of debate it seemed certain that the bill providing \$300,000,000 annually to pay increased salaries for teachers and otherwise strengthen education in the poorer states by federal assistance would be enacted with the support of the Southern Democrats whose states would be the chief beneficiaries. But Senator Langer, with the urgent backing of Senator Taft—chief opponent of the bill—threw the Senate into confusion by introducing an amendment forbidding racial discrimination in the administration not only of the federal funds but also of the state funds they would supplement. Senator Langer insisted that his amendment was essential for the protection of Negro rights and had the backing of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Actually, the N.A.A.C.P. had sent a telegram to the Senate opposing such an amendment, but the maneuver succeeded. Enough Senators favoring equal rights for Negroes joined the opponents of the bill to pass the amendment forty to thirty-seven. Thereupon the Southern Democrats joined with the bill's foes to scuttle the measure altogether. Incidentally, Senator Taft, who was chiefly responsible for the amendment that would have throttled all control by the states over their educational funds was chairman of the committee which drafted the states' rights declaration at the recent Mackinac Island conference. Senator Taft's assertion that "no one can claim that the amount of money Ohio spends on students is not sufficient for an adequate education" is also interesting in view of the fact that all four of Taft's sons were sent out of the state to receive their education in private schools.

FOR TWENTY YEARS CZECHOSLOVAKIA served as a citadel of enlightenment in an area bristling with reaction and aggressive nationalism. For five years Czechoslovakia has been a symbol of implacable resistance. Betrayed by its friends and overrun by the enemy, the Czech nation has neither yielded to despair nor accepted the terms of the conqueror. It has fought back within its own borders, in the armies of its allies, in its own courageous heart. The Czechs are an admirable people, and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Czechoslovak Republic they deserve not only homage but a pledge of atonement by the whole democratic world.

Cash-Register Spirit

A SENATE investigation into lend-lease which was really anxious to get at the facts might prove very useful. It could help to make the public better informed about the objectives of the lend-lease agreements with our allies and give some much-needed publicity to the intangible as well as the tangible returns which it is bringing us. It could inquire judiciously into many rumors that now pervade and poison the atmosphere of Washington. Have shipments of goods been used for purposes which do not contribute to the war effort? Have our deliveries matched our commitments? Have materials or equipment been held back to satisfy private interests in this country? Has there been waste, inefficiency, or corruption in the administration of lend-lease? Such matters are the legitimate province of the legislative watchdog, provided its inquiries are carried out in a judicial, responsible, and generous spirit.

But who can hope that an investigation in which Senator Gerald P. Nye appears scheduled to play a leading part will be imbued with such a spirit? Nye has been opposed to lend-lease from the beginning, and he has repeatedly made it clear that, while he grudgingly accepts the fact that we are at war with Germany and Japan, his personal battle is against Britain and Russia.

Moreover, the investigation has been launched under cover of carping criticism and unworthy suspicion. Its original author was Senator Hugh Butler of Nebraska, who has expressed his own sentiments about lend-lease by calling it "the most colossal dole of all time." It has of course had the support of Senator Burton K. Wheeler, who prejudged the issue by declaring, "The giving away of taxpayers' money lavishly to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who wants it and asks for it is little less than criminal."

Another source of inspiration was the recent statement by Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana, who sought to prove statistically that "we have been the sucker in the *nth* degree." Even if his figures had been

accurate, they were wholly irrelevant, for in making comparisons between American war expenditures and debts and those of our allies he failed to take into account differences in population, resources, or national wealth. One of his complaints, for instance, was that American lend-lease expenditure of \$1,250,000,000 monthly totaled on an annual basis only \$3,000,000,000 less than the whole British yearly war bill. In this case he seems to have confused appropriations with actual expenditures, for total United States lend-lease shipments to all recipients up to June 30 of this year amounted to only \$4,262,468,000.

In any case lend-lease cannot be discussed in book-keeping terms except on the premises of the "iso-nationalists." Their basic assumption is that this war is not our war but a struggle we are waging solely for the sake of foreign nations who are certain to prove ungrateful. The fact that Britain and Russia held off the enemy and gave us time to prepare means nothing to them. Only dollars and cents count.

Is it not time these cash-register views were vigorously repudiated? Is it not time that this picture of Uncle Sam as a noble and naive philanthropist turning out his pockets for the sake of swindling bums was scrapped? Let us remember the parable of the widow's mite. When America has contributed to the common cause as great a proportion of its resources as have its allies, when its standard of living has been reduced in the same degree as theirs, when its sacrifice of lives is on a similar scale—then it will be time enough to cast up accounts.

G. O. P. Tax Policy

THE danger of a complete home-front débâcle in the vital struggle against inflation must be regarded as imminent as a result of the open revolt of House and Senate Republicans against any tax program that is at all adequate. If we hold to the military analogy, the action of the Republicans can only be described as desertion under fire. In its eagerness to find a political issue that would embarrass the Democrats in 1944, the Republican Party appears to have thrown aside not only caution but all consideration for the well-being of the American people. Not content with having endangered the entire price-control mechanism by advocating higher prices for farmers while opposing subsidies, the Congressional Republicans would now abandon the key to anti-inflation defenses—the reabsorption of excess buying power through taxation.

We need not repeat at this time the basic economic reasons why higher taxes are essential. Secretary Morgenthau and Director of Economic Stabilization Vinson have described the threat of inflation to the Ways and Means Committee of the House as clearly as it is humanly possi-

ble to do so. The President has repeatedly warned Congress that all other anti-inflation measures must fail if taxes are not increased. We cannot believe that the Republican leadership is so dim of understanding that it is unable to follow the simple arithmetical calculations that point inescapably to inflation if the excess consumer buying power is not absorbed. Yet in a minority statement issued by Representative Knutson of Minnesota, the Republicans oppose a further tax increase on the ground that it would bring about a liquidation of the middle class and would be "inflationary." Such an increase, they declare, would "inevitably lead to a demand for higher wages to meet the increased tax burden."

At first glance this statement is just plausible enough to make it an effective, if thoroughly dishonest, piece of demagoguery. It is dishonest because Secretary Morgenthau presented the committee with figures showing that the American public, chiefly the middle class, will have roughly \$42 billion in excess spending power left after taxes and after buying all the goods that can be produced in war time. The figures check closely with estimates made by competent non-partisan agencies. Even more patently dishonest is the argument that higher taxes will cause demands for higher wages. The essence of the Treasury's tax proposals lay in the fact that they did not increase the burden on the wage-earners in the lowest bracket—those earning \$2,000 a year and under. Instead, the principal burden would fall on those with incomes ranging between \$5,000 and \$25,000 a year—which is precisely the group that possesses the bulk of the \$42 billion excess spending power. When Mr. Knutson referred to the possibility of increased taxes leading to demands for higher wages, he doubtless had in mind the sharp warning of President Murray of the C. I. O. that labor would insist on a wage rise to offset the impact of a sales tax. This merely bears out our contention that the sales tax is peculiarly ineffective as an anti-inflation weapon because it fails to tap the real sources of excess income while placing a heavy burden on those least able to bear it.

The Republican demand that the President drop his war duties and "forthwith proceed to set governmental finances in order by effecting needed economies . . . which would obviate the necessity for . . . taxes" is not meant to be taken too seriously. It is always good politics to call for economy just before an election, particularly if it is known that such economies cannot be achieved by the party in power. We sympathize of course with the desire to eliminate all unnecessary waste in the war effort. But the practical possibilities of reducing expenditures at this time, regardless of administration, are insignificant as compared with the need for mopping up the surplus spending power which is already in people's pockets. This basic fact must be grasped not only by members of Congress but by the people back home.

The Moscow Conference

TWO months ago an experienced European statesman in London said to me: "First a second front. After that the other problems will be easy to solve. Without that nothing can be solved." He scouted the notion that second-front talk was primarily for propaganda or bargaining purposes. "The demand for a second front is a demand that the Western powers fight Hitler as totally and fiercely as Russia is doing. It is what it appears at face value."

"But what is the use," I asked, "of pressing a demand when you know the answer? Stalin had been kept informed of Allied military plans. If a second front has been decided upon for this autumn, it will happen without any further pressure. If it is not scheduled, it will not happen. So the demand must be either propaganda or rhetoric. And Russian diplomacy doesn't go in for rhetoric. It seems to me that the Russians are reminding the world, deliberately and for the record, that they have carried the major load for two years. That record will be useful when an accounting comes."

"No," he said, "I assure you the thing is both more and less simple than that. The Russians are suspicious to begin with. They never for one hour forget that the Western powers hoped to divert Hitler's aggression against them. They are under no illusions about the sentiments they inspire in important quarters in your great country. They suspect that even now Britain and the United States are not unwilling to let Russian blood flow—to defeat Hitler as far as possible by Russian arms. In any case they think both nations are too slow, too fearful of risk, more anxious to save the lives of their own troops than to end the war quickly. And it infuriates them to have Sicily held up in the press as a 'second front.' They look upon Allied operations there as a small side-show made possible by their overwhelming offensive in the East. One Russian officer here in London said a rather brutal thing the other day. But it's graphic. He said, 'Allied tanks in Sicily are fueled with the blood of Russian soldiers.' The agony of Russia, its ten million dead, its razed towns and factories, must be taken into account when you try to analyze the demand for a second front."

"But the idea I wanted to give you," he said, "is that a front in Western Europe—a *major* offensive against Hitler—has become for Russia a profound test of Allied capacity and good faith. If it happens, Stalin will be ready to sit down at a table with the rest of them. Until it happens—well, he may agree to a conference, but it will be for one purpose; to demand a second front."

When these words were spoken, the Quebec conference was still going on and the British press was demanding a three-power meeting without further delay. Now the foreign ministers of the three nations are con-

ferring, and the first item on the Russian agenda laid before the first session of the Moscow conference was, we are told, the question of a second front. According to Anne O'Hare McCormick, this subject was, in fact, dealt with ahead of those proposed by the other delegates.

Was a new promise made by Messrs. Hull and Eden and accepted, in spite of past disappointments, by Mr. Molotoff? If so, then the other pressing problems stand a better chance of satisfactory solution. For the Russians will approach them with confidence instead of suspicion and resentment. The first of these is the political problem that faces the great powers in the liberated countries of Europe. The second, firmly linked to it, is the problem of organizing security. If Russia follows its own interests, and its own lead, it will insist upon new methods of dealing with the internal political situation in each country. With admirable consistency, the Soviet Government has given encouragement and, where possible, open support to the most vigorous anti-Axis elements all over Europe. Where the United States and Britain have signally failed to use the underground movements, particularly in the satellite and Axis countries, Russia has reached in and worked with them. The tactic of attempting to subvert and use Axis supporters has never appealed to the Russians. They see their national security best protected by a Europe in which popular governments predominate. They fear, and with good reason, a continent ruled by Francos and Pétains. Just once has the Soviet government deviated from its support of the democratic forces: when it joined with Britain and America in accepting as a co-belligerent the present Italian regime. Whether this move was an overture to its Allies on the eve of the conference, or whether Stalin believes that military ends will be served by the agreement with Badoglio, one cannot say. But in view of the record of the Soviet Union, it seems safe to assume that even while Stalin formally acquiesces in the status quo, he is helping prepare the way for its ultimate collapse.

In any case the hope of a workable system of collective security in Europe waits upon the overthrow of the reactionary centers of power—whether they derive their authority from Hitler or from the invading Allies. This Russia knows. But it is hard to believe that Mr. Hull, who has strongly and even intemperately defended every act of the State Department in these matters, will be able to meet the more realistic desires of his Russian colleagues.

If he fails to do so, the conference might as well adjourn. For even the most unqualified agreements for post-war cooperation will collapse in the face of a Europe which feels itself betrayed by the very powers that promised its liberation. No Badoglio governments will survive an Allied victory unless Allied arms are used to defend them. And a security system erected on foundations shaken with revolt and civil war is not worth concocting.

With the Senate still haggling over the vague clauses of the Connally resolution, Mr. Hull is in no position to commit this country to any definite program of collective action. At most he can express the views of the Administration. Perhaps this is not as unfortunate as it appears

on the surface. Much ground will have to be cleared, the accumulated trash of appeasement and reaction will have to be gathered up and thrown away, before collective security can amount to anything more than a pious wish. And Europe is fed up with America's pious wishes. F. K.

Diary of the Future

BY VERNON BARTLETT

1. Vacuum in Germany

THIS diary is a rash attempt to write history before it has happened. After the collapse of Germany there will be many opportunities for my less friendly readers to write in to tell me that my forecasts have been disproved. It will be easy to be wise after the event—as I put down these words I have no idea when or where the Allied attack will be made. But in recording these imaginary events from the moment of the collapse of Germany I have tried to avoid anything so sensational as to be improbable. The happenings are depressing; so they will be, unless we in the great democracies prove worthy of our system of government. They constitute a cautionary tale.

Tomorrow *always* comes. We are preparing for it, making it, by every one of our actions today. The United States prepared for Pearl Harbor by its rejection of the League of Nations. Great Britain prepared for Dunkirk by its excuses in Geneva for Japan's attack on Manchuria in 1931 and 1932. Men in every country who talked glibly about "freedom" and "democracy" prepared for fascism by their selfish and lazy interpretation of those words. I cannot do better than quote a sentence by Philip Gribble: "Today is yesterday's effect and tomorrow's cause, and not merely yesterday's future and tomorrow's history."

June 30. Gerald Barry, editor of the *News Chronicle*, rang me up at three this morning. Willy Forrest, cabling from G. H. Q., has confirmed a midnight report from Berne that the German army in southern Austria has surrendered. The B. B. C. 7 a. m. news merely announced that the Allied forces had crossed the Loibl Pass and two other passes over the Karawanken Alps and had captured Klagenfurt. In other sectors there is tough German resistance.

A day of wild rumors. The Cabinet met twice. It appears that the Allies are hesitating to announce the news, for they don't yet know how much attention to pay to this army surrender and whether it has taken place in agreement with the German Supreme Command. The Prime Minister's car was stopped by a large crowd in Whitehall and he stood on the running-board, gave

the V sign for victory, and promised that there would be good news within the next forty-eight hours.

Stayed late at the office. Reports from all over the place about serious rioting in Vienna, with the police refusing to fire on the crowds.

July 1. The 7 a. m. news bulletin contained a special announcement urging everybody to listen to the 1 p. m. news, when the Prime Minister would broadcast. Secret session of the House of Commons, at which we were given the contents of this broadcast. Allied troops are advancing into Austria and are meeting with no resistance. One German corps commander and five divisional commanders have surrendered. No news has been received from German G. H. Q., but Dr. Goebbels broadcast an impassioned appeal to workers and civil servants to carry on. There must not be another "stab in the back," he urged, and added that the German armies were still fighting successfully except in Austria, where some units, consisting of cowards and traitors, had surrendered.

The P. M.'s broadcast insisted that the German surrender was to be expected within a few hours; that when it came, it must be unconditional; that the armies of the United Nations would march victoriously through Berlin; that work must go on in our factories and offices with greater energy than ever; that the time was drawing near when we should have the opportunity of showing our gratitude to the United States by hastening the defeat of its principal enemy, Japan; and that we must not forget the humiliations we had suffered in Hongkong, Malaya, Burma, and Singapore.

The appeal to go back to work was not very successful. All traffic had to be diverted this evening from the Piccadilly district. Rain helped to prevent much in the way of rowdiness, but I saw a good many men in Allied uniforms being carried across Leicester Square.

July 2. Apparently there's some dispute as to whether we should march into Germany as soon as we can or whether we should try to delay things until there's been a good deal of the inevitable blood-letting, both inside Germany and in the occupied countries. Hundreds or thousands of Nazis and dozens or hundreds of Quislings

will be murdered by the people they have oppressed, and we don't want to interfere except, perhaps, to take into custody the more notorious war criminals. Even in their case, if some of them were to be shot by their own compatriots we should be relieved of a very difficult problem. But if troops are on the spot, they must almost inevitably maintain order. Therefore the British Cabinet is supposed to want days or even weeks to elapse before our men march into Berlin, and the generals are supposed to want to march there without delay. There is talk of a not very satisfactory compromise—small detachments will take over government offices and so on, but will remain as inconspicuous as possible, especially when there's any shooting going on. This seems weak and undignified, but it's thought to be the most sensible solution.

July 3. The end is very near. Revolts in France, Poland, and other occupied countries. According to Swiss reports, the German soldiers in many French towns did nothing to stop the rioting. In Paris there has been some shooting. In Brussels many Germans, still in uniform, tried to join up with a Flemish procession marching along the Rue de la Loi carrying anti-German banners. A "Free Belgian" broadcasting station, using the wavelength of the regular Brussels station, suddenly began broadcasting tonight. It stated that all Germans had disappeared from the streets, and that the German military governor had appealed to the burgomaster for protection. That nasty little Rexist leader, Léon Degrelle, has been shot, but the wound is not serious. No hospital in Brussels wanted to take him in.

A meeting of the United Nations governments established in London was called at St. James's Palace to discuss the distribution of supplies in Europe. Eden in the chair. Each government naturally very anxious to have the distribution in its own hands, in order to increase its chance of remaining in power. All this, of course, has been argued out before, and the British and American delegates—especially the latter—were not at all enthusiastic. They argued that speed and efficiency were for the time being more important than politics. Am told the meeting was very noisy. The Soviet ambassador supported Anglo-American opposition to the smaller powers but left the impression that he did so because his government wished to help leaders of the resistance movements in the occupied countries rather than the governments in exile.

July 4. The situation inside Germany seems to be chaotic. In places, especially on the eastern front, the army is still fighting vigorously, but Allied troops have taken over Vienna and armored cars are reported to have advanced up the Danube as far as Linz. The civil administration is crumbling. Something very like the Soldiers' and Workers' Councils of the last few days of the last war have been established in Hamburg and various cities of the Ruhr. Our aircraft have been on very widespread

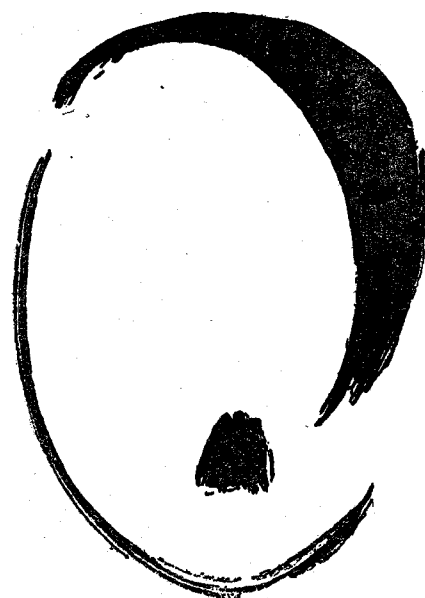
sweeps over Germany and have met with practically no anti-aircraft fire. Dropped millions of leaflets telling the people to stop the war.

July 5. Fourteen solid hours of debate in the House of Commons, and, even so, many of us never had a chance to put forward our own particular solutions of the problems of peace. The Prime Minister, of course, had a terrific welcome, and nobody protested when people in the public gallery broke all the rules by clapping and cheering. He even looked up and with a broad grin on his face waved his bundle of papers at them.

In the early part of his speech, when he was talking about the way the support of Parliament had given the government strength throughout the difficult years since that day in 1940 when it had been promised toil, blood, tears, and sweat, I thought he was going to break down. But he turned quickly to practical matters. He warned us that we must not expect an immediate relaxation of food or other restrictions, and that some rationed foods might even have to be cut down for the time being, since the needs of the occupied countries of Europe would be so urgent. Then he announced that some categories of married men with families—especially those with long service—and key men for peace-time industries would at once be demobilized. There was so much discussion of this in the debate, so much rejoicing about it, that inevitably many Americans will conclude that we aren't sufficiently determined to play our full part in defeating Japan.

July 6. German divisions surrendering all over the place. Brigadier Geoffrey Neville, who has had to tell the press a good many depressing things at his daily conferences at the Ministry of Information during the last few years, let himself go this morning. Said that the prisoners now numbered well over a quarter of a million. The Russians are making great progress in their northern and central sectors.

Still no word from the German Supreme Command or from Hitler. Not even an appeal to go on fighting. The Swedish legation has a dispatch that none of the



really important generals will make himself hated by asking for and accepting our terms. Also that crowds have been marching down the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin yelling for peace.

July 7. Allied troops are in Munich and Frankfurt. Millions of leaflets have been dropped in Berlin warning the people that the Allies will be there within a few days, promising them that they will not be harmed if they obey our orders at once, but threatening death to anybody who is subsequently convicted of aiding any Nazi, of the rank of *Gauleiter* upward, to escape. Saw Bill Shirer in Fleet Street. He is just off to Munich for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

July 8. The Munich and Frankfurt jobs were done by air-borne divisions. A bunch of men were also landed at Salzburg, and advanced on Hitler's home just outside Berchtesgaden. They met with no resistance of any kind, but they found the famous bronze doors of Hitler's hide-out closed and were compelled to blow them up. The whole villa was empty. In Hitler's large study papers were scattered over the floor, and many had been burnt in the stove.

An awkward article in the *Daily Worker* saying that the Anglo-American desire to get to Berlin as soon as possible is due above all to the desire to get there before the Russians.

July 9. Hitler is dead. He was apparently flying to Spain or South America, and something must have gone wrong with the aircraft. It tried to land at Cologne, but the airfield was being so heavily plastered by American bombers that the pilot turned back and made a forced landing in a large field near Bochum. Although Hitler had shaved off his moustache, he was recognized by some of the workers who came to the rescue. They grabbed him, shot the pilot who tried to defend him, and after a short debate dragged him off to their works and threw him into a great caldron of molten metal. Not very nice, but quite nice enough for a man who has brought unparalleled misery to the world.

There's a sense of relief that he has been dealt with by his own people. It saves the business of a trial in which a mean criminal might have become a national martyr. Another Swedish report is that Göring has committed suicide in front of the memorial to his first wife at Karin-hall. Many thousands of war criminals are to be sent to Sachsenhausen and other concentration camps, but I hear tonight that the former inhabitants are not automatically to be set at liberty. They are to be held by the orders of AMG. Why? Apparently they might not be "politically safe." This is not by any means the only indication of reaction. The *Daily Worker* published this morning an angry and obviously inspired article claiming that the Soviet government has not been consulted about the conditions of the occupation of Germany. The Russians, who

have their own bunch of "Free Germans," even less representative than our own, are reported to be advancing at great speed westward into Poland. People in London are greatly worried lest there should be incidents between them and the provisional Polish government, which is getting ready to fly back to Warsaw.

July 11. Excellent broadcast from Bill Shirer in Munich, relayed by the British Broadcasting Corporation. He described the taking over of official buildings. Crowds had been apathetic or, in some cases, welcoming. When the flags of the United Nations were hoisted over the building where Hitler, Mussolini, Chamberlain, and Daladier had signed the Munich agreement to dismember Czechoslovakia, one man shouted "Heil Hitler!" and was lynched by the crowd before Allied soldiers could reach him. In the working-class districts some red flags appeared, and Shirer described how he saw some youths chalking up the letters K. P. D. (German Communist Party) on the walls of the royal palace.

He mentioned the complications caused by the fact that we have no United Nations flag. There seems to be no agreement as to which flag is to be hoisted first, how many of them are to be flown, and how room is to be found for the flags of all the United Nations. Besides, one flag would help to show the Germans how they have united the world against them.

July 12. Goebbels has been arrested in Frankfurt. He had given a "pep talk" there a few hours before the air-borne division arrived, and was taken by surprise. The head porter at the hotel wanted to give him up to the Allies and suggested to other members of the staff that they should lock him in his rooms. One waiter told some officers with Goebbels, who shot the head porter out of hand. This so enraged other members of the hotel personnel that two of them followed Goebbels to a private house where he hoped to hide for a few days and others went to warn British officers. The house was surrounded, and Goebbels was captured without the firing of a single shot.

July 14. The Czechoslovak government is back in Prague. President Benes arrived by air and drove in an open car through the Vaclavske Namesti and across the Charles Bridge to the Hradschin Castle. Extraordinary scenes of enthusiasm. I believe the Norwegians, with King Haakon, are now somewhere in their own country, but the moment has not yet arrived for them to come out into the open. Went round to see the Belgian Minister of Information and gained the impression that they are on the point of leaving. He told me that there has been a lot of shooting in Antwerp, and that the Germans have set up machine-guns all the way down the Place de Meir.

There won't be an all-inclusive Allied military occupation of Germany. It will be almost entirely an Anglo-American job, as the European Allies will need their

national contingents in their own countries, at least during the first few weeks. At the most, there will be one or two "token" contingents.

Disquieting dispatches from Washington in the morning's papers. There was a very angry debate yesterday in the House of Representatives, organized by the same old group of diehards and isolationists. The Prime Minister's speech in the House of Commons is being interpreted, very unfairly, as an indication that the British are going to slacken off in their efforts against Japan. Geoffrey Parsons has sent a long dispatch to the *Herald Tribune* explaining how natural it is that we in Britain should rejoice that the danger of German bombs has been removed, but he fears the influence of the strong German groups in America. Ed Murrow of the C. B. S. says the British government's decision to demobilize certain groups from the army has created the worst possible impression in America, although the Administration in Washington knew of the plan in advance and approved of it, especially in view of the fact that we are now expected to increase our production in order to help in sending urgent supplies to Europe. It is said that the Cabinet is very worried by the violence of this attack in Congress, which is attributed only in part to the old desire to use anti-British or any other prejudice as a stick with which to beat the President.

July 15. The Prime Minister was asked in the House of Commons about peace negotiations. He said that he was in consultation with Washington and Moscow and that a preliminary conference would be held as soon as possible. He could not yet say when and where, which is fairly obvious since Germany still has not surrendered. He made it clear that the final peace would not be negotiated for a long time anyhow—presumably after the defeat of the Japanese.

Heard another broadcast by Bill Shirer. There seems to be a kind of vacuum in Germany—nobody, in uniform or out of it, takes any responsibility. Some people had expected that the German General Staff would ask for terms without delay in order to avoid serious fighting on German soil. But it now looks as though the generals weren't going to do anything so definite. Like old soldiers in the song, they simply fade away. In some sectors there's still stiff fighting in progress, but in others our motorized divisions advance as they please. If it goes on like this, the problem of establishing order again is going to be very difficult. Shirer pointed out that after the last war twenty-five Americans were able to organize the distribution of a million meals a day, but to do that the civil administration must still be working efficiently. It isn't, at any rate in Munich, Augsburg, and other cities he has visited.

[*The second instalment of Mr. Bartlett's diary will appear next week.*]

50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE OVERTHROW of the existing protection to silver-mining is the necessary first step in coming to close quarters with McKinley and his abominations.—*October 2, 1893.*

TO OLD OXFORD MEN the news of Jowett's death brings a peculiar sense of desolation. . . . It is a commonplace to say that Jowett made Plato an English classic, but it is true.—*October 12, 1893.*

THE NEW CHINESE-EXCLUSION LAW reported on Wednesday week by Congressman McCleary, and passed on Monday almost unanimously, makes some approach to humanity and decency, as may be inferred from the fact that Congressman Geary of California opposed it. Luckily, his sand-lots arguments and threats did not prove as formidable as they were a year ago. It is to be presumed, moreover, that the amendments . . . are acceptable to the Chinese government, in the sense that they are the most to be hoped for at present.—*October 19, 1893.*

AT THE VERY OPENING of the football season Mr. Walter Camp, speaking of some of the gloomy aspects of the outlook, referred to a horrible rumor that the Yale faculty would not allow the Yale team to play the annual Thanksgiving game with Princeton in this city. This was on account of the orgies of the students after last year's game. Mr. Camp could only say that the rumor ought to be sufficient to make every loyal Yale man take a vow that he would not be seen in the streets of New York on Thanksgiving night either drunk or disorderly.—*October 19, 1893.*

NOTES: The fall list of Charles Scribner's Sons includes "An Old Master, and Other Political Essays," by Professor Woodrow Wilson. . . . In "How to Judge a Horse," by Captain F. W. Bach (William R. Jenkins), we have a treatise of really practical convenience.—*October 19, 1893.*

WHAT MAGIC ART can Herbert Spencer practice to render his books so marvelously dull? . . . He artfully induces the reader to relax the muscles of the mind until nothing hinders the last stages of narcosis but the irritation produced by the Spenceresque diction. That, for all this, people read him is a great compliment to him and a great credit to them.—*October 19, 1893.*

COUNT TAAFFE'S BILL to extend the suffrage in Austria may be said to be one of the results of the successful struggle for universal suffrage in Belgium last spring. From Brussels the agitation was immediately transferred to Vienna, and all through the summer meetings were held and an active propaganda carried on to secure for the lower classes in Austria what had been won by the Belgian workingmen. There was, of course, the latent threat all along to resort to the same methods as had been employed in Belgium of public disorder and a universal strike.—*October 26, 1893.*

Hitler Fights for Time

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

IN THE American Civil War the tide turned in 1863 at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. But the South kept up a stubborn and terribly expensive struggle for nearly two more years, hoping that aid from some unforeseen source would prevent complete defeat or that its exhausted foe would give up the fight short of victory. Germany today is in the position of the South some eighty years ago. Stalingrad, Alamein, the Caucasus, Tunisia, Sicily, the air war and the U-boat losses have sapped its strength and made victory a forlorn hope. But the Nazis still command huge, well-disciplined land armies, can provide able leadership, and can counter-attack with a good deal of force in many sectors. They can also hope that war weariness or division among their enemies will let them escape final defeat. Meanwhile, in the Nazis' attempt to hold the Dnieper line, in their improved defenses against air raids, and in their renewal of the U-boat struggle can be seen frantic efforts to prevent disaster.

Both in the air and at sea the Germans are now employing recently improved techniques. The latest torpedoes with their use of magnetic and acoustic principles and their larger load of explosives are a much more formidable weapon than those manufactured earlier in the war. From the limited information available regarding them it is clear that they inflict extremely heavy losses on convoys when used by large U-boat packs.

Nevertheless, at this stage the new weapon represents nothing more than a nuisance to the United Nations. Had it been used a year or even six months ago it might have altered the outcome of the war. But the U-boats' inability during the earlier months of 1943 to sink as many ships as were being built has enabled us to accumulate a huge pool of shipping for offensives in various parts of the globe. During the months of August and September 3,350,000 tons were added from our shipyards alone and losses were among the lowest of the year. To stop offensives in the near future the enemy's U-boats must not only destroy as much tonnage as is now being turned out but cut into the substantial backlog of shipping completed in previous months.

Entirely aside from the output of American yards, there is excellent reason to believe that this cannot be done. Anti-submarine measures have for some time been extremely effective. For fully five months the number of U-boats lost has exceeded the probable number of completions in spite of the fact that submarine activity has been at low ebb. Even Goebbels has admitted this un-

satisfactory condition of affairs. While stories of deteriorating discipline and morale among U-boat crews have sometimes been planted by the Germans themselves, reports of such incidents from Swedish sources have been remarkably persistent of late. Since the situation is similar to that which brought a breakdown of morale among German submarine crews in the last war, it is quite likely that the reports are correct.

In the air war over Western Europe tactics are also in a state of flux. After a September lull large-scale bombing assaults have been resumed by both the R. A. F. and the A. A. F. American planes have recently played a larger role, and have been used to some extent in night as well as day operations. In proportion to the tonnage of bombs dropped, American precision work has probably done greater damage than the British type of attack. But American losses have also been proportionately greater. Against improved defense by fighter planes—whose production does not seem to have been affected—and heavier anti-aircraft fire the Fortress has not been able to maintain its earlier margin of safety, and even the use of escorting Thunderbolts has not prevented heavy casualties. The knocking out of important ball-bearing factories and the destruction of more than 100 German fighters in one raid is a valuable achievement, but the loss of sixty Fortresses with their well-trained crews, plus many of their escorts, is no light price to pay. Larger bombers now coming off the production lines and long-range escort planes may restore our earlier advantage in the air war.

Though strategic bombing has become more expensive, it is undoubtedly still highly profitable to the United Nations. In the first place, with our production centers out of range of German attack, we are able to mount a type of offensive to which the Nazis are unable to reply in kind. We can afford, if necessary, to take heavier losses than can Germany. In the second place, the offensive is clearly getting results. At least half a dozen of the forty or fifty main German war centers have been so battered that their industrial potential is about zero; others have been badly gutted and are operating in low gear. Because the German armies were initially so well supplied, some time must elapse before the results of strategic bombing are felt on the battlefield. Nevertheless, the effects of this attrition were seen both in Sicily, where the Nazis refused to evacuate soldiers who did not have their equipment, and in the futile July offensive in Russia. They will become increasingly visible from now on. Finally, the con-

tinued bombing has undermined the German people's morale; perhaps it has not lessened their courage or their will to hate, but it has revealed to the masses that in spite of years of sacrifice the war is being lost.

Important as are the decisions in the air and on the sea to the outcome of the European war, it is on land that the Nazis will probably have to be reduced to "unconditional surrender." And it is here that the Germans, though they have been defeated, are not yet beaten. The struggle now in progress for possession of the west bank of the Dnieper will provide the best single measure of how strong the German land armies really are. Short of the Vistula, the Dnieper offers the best defensive bulwark in Eastern Europe; it is a line which the Germans have every incentive to hold. If the Russians are able within the next few weeks to force this line completely, the Nazis' final military downfall in the east will be only a question of time.

On the other hand, Russian failure to break this line could well be only temporary. Though the distance the offensive has already covered testifies to a supply system of a very high order, a halt of several months to open new roads and bring up supplies could normally be expected. Later attacks in greater force, based on better supply lines, should be more successful. As long as Anglo-American threats of invasion, if not actual invading armies, tie down substantial German forces in the west, the Nazis' problem on the eastern front is to hold

their own against a well-equipped, ably led enemy army, equal if not superior to theirs in quality and considerably more numerous. It is, in short, an insoluble problem.

In Western Europe the situation on land is even less clear than in Russia simply because the British and Americans hold so many weapons that are not being employed. In Italy the forces engaged have so far been comparatively small. German tactics have called for delay, infliction of casualties, and a thorough scorched-earth policy, but for an avoidance of a real test of strength. The threat of flanking attacks from the sea along the exposed coast is likely to prevent the Germans from committing themselves too heavily until the Po Valley is reached. Meanwhile large Allied forces in the Mediterranean theater are inactive. These include the French North African armies, the American Seventh Army, and doubtless other units. It is possible that these troops are being saved as reserves in anticipation of a showdown in northern Italy, or they may be sent into action in the Balkans, where the German position since Italy's defection has been extremely shaky. Similarly the Allies' greatly superior sea and air forces have not been exploited to the full in the conquest of Italy. Nor have the large armies based on Britain been utilized. With winter near and no aerial preparation for an invasion in any particular area yet under way, it becomes very doubtful whether the British and Americans will keep their promise of establishing a second front in 1943.

Britain Between the Acts

IV. THE NEW INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

I VISITED a good many war plants in Britain and talked not only to workers and their representatives but to managers and welfare officers. One of the most striking of the many curious conflicts of interests I ran into was that between new and traditional ways of doing things. British industry has been revolutionized by the war, and the effects, as always, have been both stimulating and upsetting. You find people resisting, with half their minds, processes and techniques they are applying with all their energies.

For the technical revolution produced by the war has brought more drastic changes to British than to American industry. The difference is one of mind as well as matter. Even before the war the typical American manufacturer had mechanized his plant as completely as invention and working capital permitted. He gauged his success by the up-to-date machines he had installed

as well as by his profits. His ideal was a factory in which human labor had been supplanted by mechanical power, a factory in which men were used only as nursemaids to the rows of shining machines which turned out the product piece by piece and assembled it at the ends of the long conveyors. The British manufacturer was dominated by no such dream. In general he stuck to his old methods and old machines as long as they served him—that is, as long as he made a reasonable profit and got on moderately well with his workers. He mechanized reluctantly. He was slow to adopt efficiency techniques. In industry, as in other areas, a certain amount of muddling was looked upon as normal and reassuringly British.

It was the war with its double demand for planes and shells and guns and tanks and for men to handle them that jolted the British industrialist out of his ac-

cepted ways and drove him to "American methods" and, in many cases, to American machines. Everywhere one felt the effect of the change. It helped produce the deep uneasiness I found in the workers, especially the older men. It created a sort of resentment—however mixed with gratitude and admiration—toward the women workers. And the managers I talked with were as deeply divided as any other group. Some were whole-heartedly with the new order and ready to bend all traditional attitudes to fit its demands. A few obviously hated it, even while they recognized that this war could be won only by applying every available new method and tool. But many were divided within themselves, taking pride in the rapid adaptation of the old industrial structure, in the immense output so quickly achieved, in the beauty and power of the new machines, while at the same time resisting the disruption of established methods and relationships.

This mixed attitude is, I suspect, typical. You find it most persuasively presented in J. B. Priestley's new novel, "Daylight on Saturday." In my own limited experience it was summed up best in the manager of one of the great new war plants—a plant turning out bomber engines which are said to be the best in the world. But before I describe my visit to the plant I want to inject a few figures—because only if one has clearly in mind the immensity of the British effort and output, can one understand the equal immensity of the problems created.

First, it is necessary to remember that Britain is smaller than the state of Oregon and that its population includes 33,000,000 persons between fourteen and sixty-four years old—about one-third the number in the United States. After four years of war, 25,000,000 of these are in war service, labor or military. More than 90 per cent of all single women in Britain are fully employed on war jobs. The impression you get is that everyone is at work or in uniform. And the output of British war industry backs up the impression. A few figures on the production of aircraft will serve as illustration. While Britain last year built fewer training planes than the United States, it produced more than three-quarters of the number of heavy bombers America produced and 106 per cent of the number of pursuit planes. For a country 21 instead of 3,000 miles from the enemy front line, always besieged by sea and air, the record of Britain's essential industries is something to marvel at. It is in fact a record that could only have been achieved by a new industrial revolution.

Except for its English setting the — plant could have been in Detroit or Cleveland. It stretched as far as you could see—row upon row of one-story slant-roofed sheds. It was built, fully equipped, and put into operation in a year—the first year of war. The speed seemed American, too; that, and the pride of the works

manager when he told me about it. I saw pictures of the plant at every stage of its construction. You couldn't walk all the way through it in the time I had, so I skipped some of the processes. But I saw the raw-metal beginnings and the finished engines and many of the intervening stages. I saw machines marked with American company names and heard them praised by the workers who tended them. I saw women handling heavy machines and light ones, and machines that seemed to demand only mild supervision. I suffered the shattering roar of the engines undergoing all the tests of actual combat flying. I ate lunch in the executives' canteen with some of the managing staff, and I saw the huge canteen where the workers eat and talk and listen to lectures and entertainment.

It was terribly impressive, but I had to tell myself that it was British, not American; that before the war such a plant would have been a rarity instead of one of many; that it represented not merely bomber engines to be used to defeat Hitler, but also new ways of life for Britain.

The works manager began talking about this over the lunch table. He was telling the story I repeated briefly in my first cable to *The Nation* from London: how certain shop stewards, engaged in a dispute with the management over women's wages, had resigned from the Communist Party rather than follow the present party line and vote against a strike when the demand was refused. The situation seemed confusing and rather humorous to the executives at the table. They couldn't help welcoming the party's stand against strikes, and they had no objection to splits in the ranks of their radical workers. But when they found themselves lumped with the Communists as joint oppressors of labor they weren't quite sure how to take it. Said the works manager: "Why, that shop steward turned to me and said, 'As far as I can see, Joe Stalin's no better than you are!'"

The issue was equal pay for men and women doing the same jobs. After I had been around the plant and rejoined the manager in his office, the talk came back to that subject. Negotiations had been going on for weeks, a strike had been narrowly averted in spite of the legal prohibition against "absenteeism," and the issue had gone to a tribunal. "But it won't end there," the manager told me. "It will go to the Minister of Labor, and in the end it may call for Cabinet action. This issue is no local affair. It's being raised in other plants as well—everywhere. The future of this country is involved in the decision that will be reached." He was extremely serious about it, and I was puzzled.

I told him I had thought the whole question was controlled by a national schedule of rates and bonus payments and, in further detail, by agreement between the union and the employers' federation. The agreement pro-

vides for gradual increases in the pay of women employed in work previously performed by men, until, after thirty-two weeks, if they have proved themselves able to do the job "without additional supervision or assistance," they receive "the basic rate and national bonus appropriate to the male labor they replace." The manager explained how remote all this was from the human reality.

First, it was very difficult to determine whether a woman did or did not require more assistance than a man on the same job. Then, a great number of the processes were new. A woman might replace a man, but in thousands of cases that meant that new mechanisms were also employed. While labor was being diluted with women, the machines were being diluted, too. Her work would be dissimilar to that of the man whose place she filled. There was no exact basis of comparison. "Can't you compare it instead with the work done on the first machine down the line that is operated by a man?" I said. The manager wasn't interested in the question. He wasn't really interested in any narrow technical interpretation of schedules or agreements. He wanted to talk about the social system of Britain.

"The question is, who is responsible for the family?" he said. "Under age-old custom the man is. To upset that custom is to upset established social and personal relationships. It is to disrupt the life of this country."

I said: "Surely there are many occupations in England in which women and men get the same pay."

"Very few," said the manager. "It's exceptional. In any case it affects society very little unless it applies to factory workers. And in the past women did men's work in only a few trades. The question wasn't acute. Now with millions of untrained women flooding into industry the thing can't be treated lightly. I want to ask you: you are a woman, but do you believe a man, standing at one of these machines, should get the same pay as his eighteen-year-old daughter at the next one?"

"I'd rather see his eighteen-year-old daughter get the same pay as he."

The manager waved aside this frivolity. "It's unthinkable. It would make that home unhappy. The father, a man who very likely served a long apprenticeship, would resent being put on the same level with his daughter. And she would begin putting on airs and thinking she was as good as her father. Or, even worse, he might well decide that his responsibility for the support of his family was gone. In either case the domestic fabric would begin to fall apart."

"But how about the girl herself?" I said. "She's working and turning out as many parts as the man next to her, and he isn't her father as a rule, I imagine. What happens to her morale when—for one technical reason or another, or because the manager is worried about the social structure—she goes on getting 75 per cent of the

pay earned by the man? Isn't that bound to make *her* resentful? Why develop skill and raise your output if in the end you won't get paid at the going rate for what you do?"

The manager admitted that this feeling was, in part, what had precipitated the dispute. "And the men backed the demand for equal pay, didn't they?" I asked. "The union put forward the demand," he said. "The individual worker may feel one way or another about it. But the union wants women scaled up to the men's level. They're afraid the men's wages will drop when the labor shortage ends—or that the men will lose their jobs permanently to the women."

"If that's true," I said, "the differentials you want to maintain are doomed anyhow, aren't they? Naturally, if the same work can be done at a lower rate by women, the pressure will be to bring all wages to that level. Then where will your family and your social structure be? Just where they would be if you upgraded the women—only the standard of living will be lower."

"It comes back to the machine in the end," said the manager. "It comes back to all this dilution. You say these unskilled girls are doing the same work as the men. Well, so they are, many of them. But why? Because we've added so many gadgets and jigs to these machines that a baby can run them. The women are doing the same work, yes, but it's work that would never be done this way under normal circumstances. So, in a sense, it's not the same. It's been organized to meet the limitations of unskilled workers—because plane engines had to be built fast and men had to be taken off their jobs and put in the armed forces."

"You mean, you would actually prefer a plant that did the job less efficiently? Would you advocate scrapping these machines after the war?"

He looked very serious. "They won't be scrapped, of course," he said. "But we could do with fewer gadgets and more skilled workers. That's certain."

The eighteen-year-old girl and her father are symbols. The hard fact behind them is the revolution that has overtaken British industry. Only a cynic could doubt that the manager's emotion was genuine. He wasn't worrying primarily about earnings, especially now, when excess profits are taxed 100 per cent. He was worrying about the way of life, from top to bottom, to which he had been accustomed. He was refusing to recognize the truth which merely happened to be illustrated at that particular moment by the issue of equal pay—the truth that technical advance has wiped out the skilled worker as the major factor in British industry. He will continue to be needed for particular functions: there are still jobs that the machine has not learned to do. But the number of those functions is relatively insignificant.

After the war, industry will be geared to an immense

production turned out by unskilled workers and skilled machines. It can't scrap its mechanical improvements. To revert deliberately to less efficient and economical methods would be a counter-revolution carried through against all the dictates of self-interest. The alternative, however, is mass unemployment unless the ingenuity of business and the government can provide markets for the production of which industry is now capable. Even a decline to the normal pre-war level will throw many millions out of work.

Is it any wonder that the British factory owner or manager is a prey to conflicting emotions as he considers the revolution war has hurried toward its climax? The jigs and gadgets are wiping out, at one level or another, the human relationships he wants to preserve. The problems that lie ahead are insoluble by accustomed ways of doing or thinking. You cannot blame him if he resists the inevitable as long as possible.

[Miss Kirchwey's fifth article on Britain will appear in two weeks.]

The A. P. in a Cleft Stick

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

WITH one of the most misleading "leads" ever written for a newspaper story, the Associated Press on October 7 sought to turn defeat in the courts into victory in the headlines. By a two-to-one majority the Federal District Court in New York upheld the government's contention that the Associated Press had violated the anti-trust laws, and issued an injunction restraining it from enforcing certain by-laws and agreements until such time as it had taken measures to revise its constitution. Nevertheless, the A. P.'s story, which, according to the *Guild Reporter*, was edited and reedited by a swarm of executives and lawyers, began:

The right of the Associated Press membership to pass upon the admission of applicants was upheld yesterday by a decision of the Federal District Court here. The court, however, directed that the by-laws of the Associated Press shall be changed to prevent a member in the same field (morning, evening, or Sunday in the same city) from presenting any bar to the election in such a field.

This presumably was how the news of what may prove to be a historic decision was received by millions of newspaper readers. The *New York Times*, however, adopted the precaution of printing in an adjoining column a report by the United Press which opened:

A three-man federal court, by a two-to-one decision, yesterday enjoined the Associated Press from continuing to enforce "in their present form" its by-laws regulating the admission of members, but left the way open for the news organization to "adopt substitutes" that might bring the association into line with the law.

Any reader who, struck by the strange contrast between these two summaries of the same document, went on to study the actual text of the decision would have had little difficulty in concluding that the A. P. was guilty not only of smothering the court's opinion but of attempting to conceal the body. Actually "the right

of the A. P.'s membership to pass upon the admission of applicants" was never at stake. What the Department of Justice was challenging when it launched the anti-trust suit was its right to exclude applicants solely on the ground that the competitive position of existing members might be adversely affected. For by restricting its membership on this basis the A. P., thanks to its outstanding position among news agencies and its practical monopoly of certain categories of news, is able to raise an almost insuperable barrier to new enterprise in the newspaper field. Thus an organization which claims to be merely a cooperative service club has become a powerful protective society for established newspapers.

In its defense the A. P. placed a great deal of emphasis on its efforts to maintain standards of objective and accurate reporting and claimed that the power to limit its membership was essential to the performance of its functions as guardian of newspaper ethics. Taking these protestations at their face value, the court has said in effect: We quite agree that in view of your responsibilities you cannot be asked to admit automatically any Tom, Dick, or Harry to your ranks. Obviously you are entitled to adopt rules which will set up objective criteria to test the character of those who seek to join you. We shall not attempt to say what conditions you ought to impose. But whatever rules you formulate, you must not make it possible for a member to blackball a newcomer, otherwise qualified, whose potential competition he fears. And consequently your rules must "affirmatively declare that the effect of admission upon the ability of an applicant to compete with members in the same 'field' shall not be taken into consideration in passing upon his application."

There are at present three ways in which a newspaper owner may enter the A. P.: (1) he may be elected by the board of directors provided he operates in a field where there is no existing membership; (2) if he is compet-

ing with one or more other members who refuse to waive their protest rights he may be admitted by an affirmative vote of a majority of the "regular" members, after which he must pay a premium to the members in the same "field" in compensation for the dilution of their rights; (3) he may purchase the franchise of an existing member. In the case of admission by methods 1 or 2 it is possible that the question of professional or moral qualifications may be raised, although it is clear that the decisive factor is the competitive position of the applicant in relation to existing members. But anyone owning a big enough bank roll can buy his way in by the third portal with no questions asked. If Al Capone were able to persuade Colonel McCormick to sell him the *Chicago Tribune* with its A. P. membership, it is difficult to see what the other members could do about it.

Since the court rendered its decision the press of the country has been editorially mum, although at the time the Department of Justice filed suit nearly every A. P. paper in the country used up large areas of valuable white space explaining to its readers how wrong the action was. Nor have the directors of the A. P. yet been able to make up their minds about the next step. They have merely announced that they are awaiting the actual "form of judgment" before determining future procedure. I suspect that one reason for all this reticence is that the court has placed the A. P. in a cleft stick by offering it an opportunity to live up to its professed ideals. If it insists that the right of its membership to pass on the admission of applicants must include the right to take potential competition into consideration, it confesses an overriding interest in limiting competition and protecting the property rights of its members. As *Editor and Publisher* admits in the course of an editorial criticism of the court's decision:

An A. P. membership still has the definite asset value to newspapers . . . [which] would be destroyed, in our opinion, if the majority decision were upheld and the A. P. compelled by judge-made law to admit all comers with money in their pocket and average moral character. But that would not affect the character of the A. P. service, we believe, or make it less desirable, so long as it lived up to its traditional standards.

Is not this an admission that the asset value attached to an A. P. membership derives not from the enjoyment of the service itself but from the power to exclude competitors from its benefits?

We might, perhaps, compare the A. P. with a medieval guild in its final and degenerate stage. Originally the guild was an organization designed to maintain ethical standards in a particular trade, and to that end it admitted only properly qualified persons with professional training and good moral character. Gradually, however, the guild tended to become a closed corporation restricting its members to a group of families and exclud-

ing even those who had served as apprentices and journeymen under its rules. And eventually the guilds, cut off from new blood and ideas, atrophied. The A. P. has a chance to avoid a similar fate if it conforms not merely with the letter of the federal-court decision but with its spirit. It could then become a genuine cooperative, using its power not to conserve privilege and frustrate enterprise but to elevate the moral and professional standards of democracy's most vital industry. Only in that way can freedom of the press be preserved, for no Bill of Rights can protect a freedom monopolized by a restricted group.

In the Wind

HOLDERS OF LIFE-INSURANCE POLICIES are getting literature these days from the Peoples Committee to Defend Life Insurance and Savings urging them to write their Congressmen in favor of a sales tax. Most of the officers and directors of this Peoples Committee are insurance executives, bank presidents, manufacturers, and retired gentlemen. A letter soliciting funds for more literature bears this postscript: "In view of the undoubted consequences of a further increase in corporation taxes, support of an alternative tax seems a proper expenditure of corporation funds. Corporation subscriptions are therefore in order and will be welcome."

A GROUP OF COMIC MAGAZINES is now offering its characters to the movies and the radio. Soon it will be possible to see Kid Eternity at your neighborhood theater, or with a turn of the dial to bring the Human Bomb into your home.

EX-GOVERNOR JULIUS P. HEIL of Wisconsin, in announcing that he would seek the Republican nomination for Senator next year, outlined his program: "My platform would simply be 'the brotherhood of man.' The trouble with so many candidates on the Republican ticket is that they don't have a formula for the post-war world. . . . We've got to stop this squandering of money. If I get down there in the Senate I'll break the damned chairs up if necessary to call attention to my formula."

FESTUNG EUROPA: For some time the British Ministry of Information has been trying to get Franco's permission to publish and distribute in Spain a Spanish-language newspaper presenting the United Nations' side of the war. Franco has finally consented. . . . A Nazi newspaper in Belgium complains that coal miners deliberately dig only the worst coal, and claims there is a secret agreement among them to save the best seams for the Allies. . . . Housewives of Dröbak, Norway, recently demonstrated by massing in front of the Nazi mayor's house with empty market baskets. . . . The horse-meat ration in Holland has been reduced by one-third.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Liberation Front in Yugoslavia

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

A YEAR ago I began to receive bundles of memoranda, underground papers, clippings, and official documents from Balkan underground sources which revealed what was actually happening inside Yugoslavia. My Yugoslav friends and acquaintances living as exiles in New York had their own sources, and we exchanged information.

One of them, for instance, showed me a letter from a friend in Croatia, dated mid-May, 1942, and sent via Argentina, which chided him for having referred in a short-wave broadcast to "Mihailovich's heroic leadership of the Chetniks' great resistance against the Axis, which has aroused so profound an admiration in America." The writer, a well-known man in Yugoslavia and neither a Communist nor even an active Partisan, stated emphatically that Mihailovich was "not a positive factor in the day-to-day resistance of the various regions." Mihailovich's name, he said, figured importantly only in broadcasts from England and America; it was scarcely known in some sections of Yugoslavia; in many places where it was known people shuddered when they heard it, for Mihailovich was believed to be working with the Axis; and all the actual fighting—since October, 1941—against German, Italian, and Quisling forces was being carried on by the Partisans.

Reading the varied reports was like sitting in a dark projection-room in a Hollywood studio and looking at "rushes" of scenes without sequence in a great and awful film which was being shot by several directors. Piecing the material together became my chief preoccupation. And as the true picture slowly emerged from behind the blurred distortion of the Mihailovich legend, I began to see that the future belongs to the Partisans and their Liberation Front. I began to believe that from this movement would come some sort of political development which would constitute the decisive post-war factor in Yugoslavia—that is, if the great powers permitted the Serbian, Croatian, and Slovenian peoples to decide for themselves.

The whole Liberation Front movement has been indigenous, spontaneous. It is the uprising of a people. It is a fighting act of the common man. The Liberation Front drew its inspiration in part from Russia. This was so not only because the Red Army was doing most of the fighting and the tradition of the country was pan-Slavic; the cause of the majority of the people in

Yugoslavia was emotionally, economically, geographically closer to Russia's than to that of any other great power. It was a cause arising from an international problem which apparently only Russia understood and was ready to try to solve.

Chiefly, however, the Partisan movement sprang from the continuing desperate plight of the South Slav masses. It was bound up with the people's best fighting traditions and with their centuries-old strivings for a free, decent, peaceful, civilized life. The Communists played a leading role in it at its inception simply because they were acute and agile enough to be able to utilize those strivings at a crucial moment. They had a long underground experience behind them. Some had fought in Spain. The technique of their leadership fitted the times, and they issued appeals and directions which many of the people in Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro were prepared to follow.

The Liberation Front, with its fighting Partisans, was a sudden promise of fulfilment of all the apparently futile political efforts of the peasant and other democratic parties during the previous fifteen or twenty years. The numerous reports which have reached me about it, even the unfavorable ones from conservative and reactionary sources, indicate that it may be considered the climax of the mass upheavals which began in the eighteenth century in various parts of the world, including America. It by-passed everything and everybody that were old and tired in spirit, corrupt and cynical. It overrode things and ideas which had lost their validity or which leaned upon vested interests and special privilege. The Liberation Front attracted the young and active, who saw that the best promise lay in going into the mountains, into the woods, to fight.

The Liberation Front was many things, but primarily it was an instrument of hope. Most immediately it was a concrete, fighting reaction to the Axis "technique of depopulation." It was dangerous to individual life, of course. It brought reprisals. Yet it was also the course most likely to lead to survival. It was an escape for those who were due to be drafted for slave labor in Germany. It offered a way out to girls and young women who did not want to be raped by Germans or Italians at home or sent to brothels behind the Russian front. It was better for both the young men and the young women to go out

with their own people and help to kill the enemy, to blow up trains and bridges and viaducts.

The fact that some of the foremost military commanders and political leaders of the Liberation Front were Communists did not mean that the rank and file wanted the country to go Communist. They were not as definite and clear as that. But at no time were they anti-Communist. Indeed, a large number of the rank and file were tentatively pro-Communist. This was because many Yugoslavs had been pushed to the point where, so far as they could see, nothing else was open to them. They had been pushed to that point not only by the Axis occupation and by the absence of a sustained, convincing policy on the part of Britain and America, but also by the action of official Belgrade and its henchmen in the provinces for the past twenty years.

The Communist Party of Yugoslavia did not raise the issue of communism or capitalism. It said, in effect, that the problem before the people was to summon all their energies to destroy fascism; everything else could wait. This became the program of Communists and non-Communists. The slogan was "Death to fascism! Liberty to the people!" This slogan was politically perfect, a complete program. It rang through the villages and through the forests, where hundreds of thousands of people were hiding. It appealed to their deepest feelings. It was uttered by leaders who unquestionably were of the people and who did not stop with slogans. They led armed bands in forays against the fascists. They actually dealt death to fascists, and liberated villages, towns, and regions. They distributed food to civilians, even though the fighting guerrillas themselves had little idea where their next meal was coming from.

At various times in 1942-43 the Liberation Front Partisan movement has controlled from one-third to one-half of Yugoslavia. As I write, it holds more than one-third. But the freed area has never been of one piece. Regions dominated by the Partisans are islands surrounded by enemy-occupied territory. The size of these islands has changed from day to day with the ups and downs of warfare. And the islands which have endured the longest have been those in which the population was most mixed—Croatians and Serbians, Orthodox and Catholics—which suggests that the Liberation Front is a unifying movement. It has had in fact profound success in overcoming the old antagonisms which all other forces in the country, including Mihailovich, have been doing their best to stimulate.

Partisan generalship has often been superb. At times it has played the very devil with the Axis and the Chetniks. It has withstood five general offensives. It reached its highest success between September 10 and 25 of this year, when the Partisans occupied most of the Yugoslav Adriatic coast and swept into northern Italy, where the population is preponderantly Slavic. It is too soon to say



"Looks as if we'll have to give them back to Schiaparelli, Fritz."

whether they will be able to hold their gains until the big invasion of the Balkans begins either from the sea or the east; but it may be that some day their commander-in-chief, Tito, will be recognized as one of the great leaders of World War II.

From the first, the Partisan movement knew where it was going, what it wanted. And it learned to maintain itself. It lived off the enemy and the territory where it operated. Partisan units, with complete indifference to death, have abruptly appeared as if from nowhere and wiped out enemy forces three and four times their number. For two years now, with the utmost ingenuity, these Yugoslav minute men and women have been penetrating enemy lines, blowing up heavily guarded arsenals, trains, and bridges, stopping convoys and making off with food and equipment.

The forces of the Liberation Front now number between 200,000 and 250,000. That was the estimate, on September 28, of the Axis-controlled Finnish commentator Christopher Schildt, who, talking to Sweden from an Axis-controlled radio station, said that the Germans would be able to drive the Partisans away from the Adriatic coast "probably only step by step." "It has been shown," he added, "that it is impossible to defeat these Yugoslav guerrillas."

For two years, in day-to-day battles which one of the most amazing propaganda swindles of the war credited to Mihailovich, the Partisans have held between twenty and thirty Axis divisions in Yugoslavia and away from the African, Russian, and Sicilian fronts. Last month they disarmed most of the Italian army in their country. Now they are a power obviously to be reckoned with. Their struggle, whose importance is only just beginning to be recognized, has been grim and demanding, uncompromising, revolutionary. They have been fighting not only the immediate Axis enemy but also Mihailovich, the hero *manqué*, the patriot-blunderer and blind agent of amoral interests which have been at large in the Balkans for a thousand years.

But the most significant aspect of the movement is that it includes both Communists and diverse non-Communists, and that a formula has been worked out under which all work together militarily and politically—a formula that must be extended as quickly as possible to the international scene, where Britain, America, and Soviet Russia are now struggling with the problem of their future relations.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

TOO cautious, lacking in boldness," was the way General Kurt Dittmar, speaking over the German radio on October 12, characterized Allied strategy in Italy. This criticism by the most prominent German military commentator is interesting not only because it indicates the official German line but because it bears the hallmark of an honest professional opinion. The General appears actually incensed by the strategy of the Allies.

The situation of the Allies in Italy was and is, he declared, ideal for carrying out the Clausewitz strategy of annihilation—flank, encircle, destroy. But so far nothing of this kind has been done. To quote his words:

Opportunities have not been lacking to the Anglo-Americans in recent months, and abundant means have been at their disposal. They have had superiority in numbers and at least equality in arms and equipment, on the ground as in the air. It is true that the terrain in the Apennines is peculiarly unfavorable for the attacker and favorable for the defense. But this advantage for our side is considerably limited by the possibility that an enemy with complete control of the sea may make a sea-borne encircling movement. . . . The political changes in Italy, which have been overwhelmingly in the enemy's favor, need not be enlarged on here.

It is astonishing that all these circumstances have not induced the Allies to launch operations exemplifying at least approximately the Clausewitz formula. If in the beginning the hopes aroused by the Badoglio treachery misled the enemy, this excuse has not been valid since Mussolini was freed. But even in the last few weeks Anglo-American operations have presented substantially the same picture. One single attempt at a great surrounding and destroying movement was made—the landing at Termoli on the Adriatic—but the undertaking was carried no farther than the first step. One gets the impression that the enemy wanted to follow the Clausewitz strategy but at the last moment shrank back. In consequence even this sea-borne encircling movement hit only the left wing of our troops, not their depth.

"It is certain," concluded the General, "that the British and Americans will have a long hard road before them if they try to traverse the peninsula in this fashion." But

he added that he wished to be cautious in pronouncing judgment. "For we know that with increasing experience in matters of war the methods of our enemy may change."

A month ago German men from fifty to fifty-nine years old were ordered to register for military service. Induction have not yet begun, but one can easily believe the Swedish and Swiss correspondents who say that the mere announcement has had a devastating effect. Even in the last war military service was required only through the fiftieth year. That ten more age classes must now be put in uniform shows how the bottom of the man-power barrel is being scraped.

New evidence of this has recently been provided—at the opposite end of the age scale. In a speech at Erfurt on October 6 Arthur Ammann, Reich Youth leader, announced that he had submitted a great thought to the Führer and that the Führer had taken it up. A Panzer division has been formed, he said, made up entirely of boys from the Hitler Youth, that is, boys of sixteen and seventeen years—all volunteers. The division will soon go to the front. It is a great honor for youth, and if in battle the division lives up to its high promise, others will be formed, and more sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds will have the same honor.

Premonitions of disaster are playing an increasing role in Germany. The newest schoolbooks contain a terrible poem—quoted by the Zurich *Volksrecht* of September 27—which may be roughly translated as follows:

We are rising to the storm of battle,
A hero's death is our right,
The earth shall shake to its depths
When its noblest race goes down.
Just as Attila's house crashed and burned
When he subdued the Nibelungs,
So Europe will burst into flames
At the downfall of the Teutons.

This eventuality is viewed not only in its titanic-romantic but also in its more practical aspects. It is known that the Nazi Party has its *Ordensburgen*—some dozen modern cloisters in which the young generation is trained for the higher levels of the Nazi hierarchy. The Swedish *Aftontidningen* of October 13 now reports on reliable information that in all the *Ordensburgen* the teaching is stressing a new theme: how the pupils are to behave in case of an "extreme emergency," meaning either Germany's defeat or Hitler's removal or disappearance. Of course such an emergency is treated as purely hypothetical. Nevertheless, the pupils are given most minute instructions on what they must do. A plan to continue the party and its activities underground has been worked out to the last detail. For, so the instructions run, "even in case of a German defeat and a corresponding peace, the National Socialist idea must never capitulate."

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Charles de Coster's Hero-Legend

THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURES OF TYL ULENSPIEGL.

By Charles de Coster. Translated by Allan Ross Macdougall. Woodcuts by Frans Masereel. Pantheon Books. \$3.50.

VAN WYCK BROOKS has been calling for the heroic in literature. Almost as though in answer to his summons, here comes the reasonably complete, juicy, profusely and poetically illustrated translation of a genuine and timely hero-legend in prose. It is the "Ulenspiegl" of that nineteenth-century little Homer of Belgian literature, Charles de Coster. In a salty but elevated style its high-colored narrative deals with heroic action, and heroic action incidental to a struggle for liberty. A national and folk epic, the book, in Romain Rolland's phrase, is the epic of popular liberty.

Throughout De Coster's lifetime, 1827 to 1879, French literature abounded in studious trials at the epic—the form of the hero-legend—in prose as well as verse. Châteaubriand had attempted the form in prose in his Christian-legendary "The Martyrs"; Quinet, in "Ahasvérus," an epic in dialogues symbolizing progressive humankind. Hugo well-nigh crowned the total effort with his thunderous "Legend of the Centuries." Indubitably the young Belgian set to work in their train consciously and discreetly; indubitably "Ulenspiegl" is as artificial as the Aeneid. The kind's external traits are obvious in his narrative. Its mold is the traditional biographic one of the saint or hero saga. The material is a union of nationally sacred and historical stuff—legends of the revolt of the Netherlands against the Spanish monarchy and faithful details gleaned from Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." Epic machinery conspicuously figures: allegory, description, dreams, even demons—although these demons are frauds, and satires of superstition. Significant epithets recur. The narrative's design is definitely symmetrical. Boldly it contrasts gestures and characters; opposes to the generous hero Tyl a thoroughly antithetic adversary, the cruel, cold Philip II of Spain.

Certainly the play of erudition is plain throughout the vigorous, tasteful, often jocund work. One sees it in the pleasantly archaic diction, imitated from Rabelais and from sermons of his epoch. One sees it in the wonderfully clear genre pictures sapiently reconstructing the atmosphere and customs of the sinister sixteenth century. The knowledge of the Inquisition's horrible tortures here displayed almost is unique. "Ulenspiegl" also offers a little synthesis of Flemish art. Like the paintings of scenes of revelry by Jordaens and Jan Steen, its lusty pictures of material and sensual life teem with references to fat roasts, tall flagons, milky breasts.

Still, it possesses an element which, setting it above the studious French attempts at the epic, curiously associates it with a no less magistral poem of its century than Goethe's "Faust." The points of relation between "Ulenspiegl" and that masterpiece, incidentally, are several. One is the common derivation of their heroes from penny chap-books. As Hein-

rich Faust sprang from a penny "life" of a Renaissance charlatan and necromancer, so Tyl Ulenspiegl came from a Flemish booklet recounting the exploits of a fifteenth-century Low German rogue—whose merry pranks, in the German variant of his "life," about 1890 inspired Richard Strauss with a certain rondo for orchestra on comic themes. Seventeen of the tiny chapters in Book I of De Coster's epic actually recapitulate episodes in the Flemish pamphlet. But the main point of resemblance between "Ulenspiegl" and "Faust," the one first referred to, is their common possession of the essential epic trait—a simultaneously credible and super-lifesized hero. We mean that Tyl, like Faust, lives and is superior to other natures in energy and exploits, faults and capacities. The deeper powers of a folk-life likewise are manifest in him. Through either figure we perceive the moral outlook of a people and the content of its destiny; receive revelations of the higher possibilities in life toward which it can lift itself. Their heroism of stature ultimately resides in this their mute manifestation of facets of the divine will.

In Tyl, as he acts, we touch the tough, life-and-liberty-loving Flemings, the "spirit of the Mother, Flanders"; and something besides. Tyl in a sense is "the people everywhere." Significantly a rider of mules like Sancho Panza and Margutte in Pulci, he is "the people," particularly in its slyness and bent toward clownery, its helplessness under the lash of the men on horseback, the lords temporal and spiritual, and its tenacity, its power to endure and survive. Never chivalric, his role in battle none the less is ardent, while in more ordinary forms of existence his heroic action lies in the creation of political ligatures, the animation of individuals who war for human liberty. De Coster also intended him to represent the achievement of inner no less than outer political and religious freedom. Whether deliberately, whether unconsciously, Tyl certainly was conceived of as the continuation of Euphorion in the second part of "Faust," as the really triumphant freeman, the conciliator of spirit and flesh, the discoverer of humane values. This last aspiration of his author only partially attained its object. Tyl does develop in a moral direction in the pages of the book. Only, De Coster did not possess the imaginative faculty requisite to the dramatization of inner conflict and search and growth, of naturally evolving consciousness of revolutionary values and their gradual realization in the substance of life. He was confined to the stratagem of allowing the sense of the new values to come conundrum-like to Tyl in the course of a dream, letting his character ache for the explanation until another dream supplies it.

This expedient, together with the balladry in "Ulenspiegl," constitutes the book's less satisfactory aspect. Had De Coster lived to continue his epic, he might possibly have found a better solution for his problem. Not that these defects seriously impair the value of the simple and high-hearted work. It is a unity, and shines with numbers of the glories of its kind. Magically it utters the power of the natal ground, the

folk, the home. Ancestors, an entire people, contributed, and contribute, to its action. It is a living reliquary of their virtues; and "like a river moving through their country, mirrors within its waters of dream their cities and their skies."

PAUL ROSENFELD

Tomorrow's Italy

WHAT TO DO WITH ITALY. By Gaetano Salvemini and George La Piana. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.75.

PROFESSOR SALVEMINI, one of the most courageous and unflinching of all Mussolini's enemies, has collaborated with Professor La Piana of Harvard in this carefully reasoned and documented study of the issues on which may be decided the fate of tomorrow's Italy, and in a measure of tomorrow's Europe. The book is no flaming appeal to faith and action, but rather a worldly-wise and cynical examination of the policies and motives which may be, and perhaps actually are, seeking to shape the destiny of Italy without asking leave of the Italian people. You will finish this book perhaps a sadder but certainly a wiser man.

Professor La Piana, whose specialty is church history, has presumably written those extensive portions which are concerned with Vatican policies and the relations of church and state. They are sage and moderate in tone, and convey the authors' profound respect for the Catholic religion as the faith of very many Italians. They urge, as the sole possible solution of the "Roman question," the separation of church and state in Italy, approximately as in America. They recommend that the future Italian republic denounce the Lateran Concordat, which intermingled affairs of church and state, but retain the political treaty—minus two articles that manifestly do not belong in it—which fixes the territorial frontiers of the Papal State and prohibits any international guaranty of Vatican City such as is impulsively proposed from time to time by foreigners. The authors would have the new republic make an equitable adjustment of the Lateran financial agreement—indemnifying the church for properties expropriated by the Italian state—on condition that the church bear its just share of inevitable financial sacrifice along with the Italian people. They believe these settlements ought to be easy, but fear that the Vatican will resist them and oblige the republic to impose them as a unilateral dictation, as in 1871.

The Vatican and the political policy which the authors attribute to it dominate also much of the political portion of the book. Salvemini and La Piana are convinced, from their study of available evidence, that the Vatican, the British Foreign Office, and the American State Department are operating under a more or less formal understanding to preserve the Fascist state much as it is today—minus the Fascist label and the most conspicuous Fascist personalities—in order to perpetuate the church's privileged position and to prevent any effective revolution, Communist or democratic.

They examine in great detail the evidence which points to the existence of such a plan. They conclude that the Foreign Office originally intended to deprive Italy of Sardinia and Sicily and carve the mainland into two or more states but was opposed by the State Department. They infer that

Myron Taylor, whose appointment as the President's personal representative to the Vatican by-passed the question of diplomatic representation while wooing the American Catholic vote, helped to formulate the three-sided arrangement which they believe now prevails.

"In accord with our State and War Departments [and with the Foreign Office] its [the Vatican's] plan is to keep intact the whole machinery of the Fascist state and of its local administration," say the authors, writing long before the invasion of Sicily. Since then AMG has been set up, with Lord Rennell of Rodd, international banker, Catholic, and friend of Volpi, Mussolini's former Finance Minister, as civil governor of occupied territories. And Herbert Matthews has reported to the *New York Times* from Sicily that "when every function of the state is identified with fascism, to abolish fascism would threaten to leave society high and dry. What often happens in effect is that the Fascist label is removed, but the same men carry on the same functions. . . . AMG is in a position where it will have to choose what men are going to be the executives of the future Italian government." The authors' prediction seems thus painfully confirmed.

There is a prophetic passage beginning on page 188 which I wish *The Nation* would reprint in extenso. It errs, on present evidence, at but one point. It assumes that the predestined Allied stooge, or democratic Quisling, is Count Grandi, eminent gangster, distinguished "anti-Fascist," president of the Chamber of Fasces and Corporations (the Mussolini parliament), "the man who, after Spellman's visit to the Vatican, was made a 'cousin to the King.'" The gentleman's name happens, at the moment, to be Badoglio. But after the present military crisis is past a civilian will be needed, and then who more "legitimate" than the "Anglophile" Grandi?

The authors have a profound confidence that the Italian people are democratic at heart and perfectly competent to govern themselves. They fear that President Roosevelt entertains the "dangerous illusion" that "the clergy can mobilize the masses and lead them wherever they wish." But they insist that the Italian democratic revolution must be allowed to take its course, even at the cost of considerable bloodshed and an anti-Fascist vendetta which they believe to be unavoidable—and certainly is, to judge by a recent *Times* dispatch from Naples.

There is so much wisdom in this book that any review must ignore most of it. Let me sum it up in this quotation: "There is no other school of liberty than liberty itself."

HIRAM MOTHERWELL

Not a Factory

THE INVASION OF GERMANY. By Curt Riess. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

M. R. RIESS has written so many books in such a short time that the question arises whether he is an author or the name of a streamlined factory for literary creations. As a matter of fact, Curt Riess is not a factory but an individual. He proves this in his newest book, "The Invasion of Germany," by repeating again and again "I think," "I

believe," "I do not believe," "as I have stated," and so on. Some of these personal ideas of Mr. Riess's are quite above discussion. He says, for instance, on page 12 of his book, "It is my firm conviction that mere inactive waiting will certainly accomplish nothing."

Unfortunately, not all the convictions of Curt Riess are so well founded and so harmless. He pretends to know almost all about the future; yet even his knowledge about the past is not reliable. He tells us, for example, that Marshal Foch "was outvoted" in 1918 when he argued against granting an armistice to the German army and insisted upon invading Germany. Too bad that Mr. Riess spends his time writing his own books instead of studying better books. For he would have known then that Foch himself wrote the proposals for the armistice and persuaded his allies to accept them; far from being "outvoted" on this question, Foch strongly objected to the invasion of Germany, and he explained his point of view with the famous words (reported by Colonel House): "No man has a right to cause another drop of blood to be shed."

The reader will find the first ridiculous falsification of historical truth on page 1 of Mr. Riess's book. This may save him the trouble of turning to page 2 and ff.

JOSEPH BORNSTEIN

Fiction in Review

THE season's fiction continues to be undistinguished, and this reviewer continues to cherish the pious hope that it is the war—the loss of talent to the services and the confusion of the times—that accounts for the poor quality of the new novels.

Margery Allingham is one of England's most successful detective-story writers; now, as Margery Allingham Carter, she has written her first non-mystery novel. "The Galantrys" (Little, Brown, \$2.50) is the biography of a certain James Galantry, half gipsy and half gentleman, and it is also the story of a changing society, the period in English life when the established order of the eighteenth century was giving way to modern industrialism. But although Mrs. Carter, like so many of the English detective-story writers, is notably well-educated—and not ashamed of it—and despite the fact that in her hero's struggles to cope with his complicated heredity she had the material for a perfectly plausible psychological study, her novel sacrifices the realities of both fiction and social history to a quite eccentric interest in genetics. She is obsessed with the science of breeding; drawing most of her lessons from animal mating, she seems to regard all human character, not only James Galantry's, as if it were as susceptible to hereditary determination as the character of a horse. The result is neither convincing nor funny, just odd—especially the last section of her story, which is taken up with Galantry's vision of his descendants right down to their roles in the present war.

Still, there is one good reason, closely related to Margery Allingham's past reputation, why "The Galantrys" cannot be completely dismissed as merely the indulgence of an eccentricity—Mrs. Carter's prose, which is startling, in these days, for its intelligence and wit. No one who has not himself

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been deadened by the deadness of contemporary writing can fail to respond to the sweet pleasure of such a sentence as "No one spoke ill of her, everybody loved her absentmindedly"; or of a passage like this description of a rural performance of Richard III: "The play was Cibber's version, of course, but even that consequential little hack could scarcely hurt it, nor could the woman who played Queen Margaret and muffed her lines in the very midst of her envy." That Orville Prescott, in an otherwise accurate estimate of "The Galantrys," should refer to its style as "highly mannered" and censure Mrs. Carter for her habit of commenting on her characters as she goes, because "modern readers are conditioned to a different tradition, where characters may speak for the author, but not the author for the characters,"

indicates how willingly modern critical judgment has assisted in the damming up of one of the life-streams of fiction.

But if it is indeed the tradition nowadays for the characters to speak for their authors but not the other way round, then one wonders why so many of our novelists choose as their spokesmen characters of the least possible dignity and stature. There is Albert Halper, for example, whose new novel, "Only an Inch from Glory" (Harper and Brothers, \$2.50), takes its stand as far from any likely notion of literary glory as Mr. Halper could manage and still keep a typewriter under his hand. Of his four main characters, all Greenwich Village failures, not one has even the energy of colloquialism, let alone the energy of ideas. When they speak for their author, it is in language that entreates the world down to their own benighted level. "She knew I was her friend, her loyal friend, that I'd be her friend for life no matter what she did or what happened to her," says the painter-failure of the sculptor-failure in a typical passage. "So she let me hang around her and take her out. She wouldn't let me spend much on her, either. She knew I was making only twenty-five dollars a week. Besides lending small sums to her fellow-students down at school she subsequently pressed ten- and twenty-dollar loans upon me, when I was out of work afterwards. It hurt my pride at first, but I soon realized she was generous with everybody; and it's hard to explain but I sometimes felt that the root of her generosity was a desire to get back at her mother." Mr. Halper's prose is so slack with humility that his novel manages to say nothing about failure except that it exists and is pitiful.

At the other extreme from Mr. Halper's kind of novel, and yet in its way also typical of the failure of verve in modern fiction, is Wallace Stegner's "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, \$3), a 515-page story of life in the West in the first decades of this century. Though theoretically preferable, hard work without inspiration turns out to be little more fun, in a novel, than humility without effort. For Mr. Stegner's writing is detailed, careful, utterly respectful of the world it describes; if Mr. Halper abdicates his own personality before his characters, Mr. Stegner dedicates every last ounce of his strength to their service. Yet the result, while not exactly muscle-bound, certainly lacks the resilience of fictional life. "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" is a novel of the American dream, most of its action centered in the rambunctious Bo Mason, a big, restless, amoral hero-villain who sacrifices his wife and family to his unprincipled ambitions. (By the way, this type of hero-villain—frontiersman, robber baron, or just plain gangster—is becoming alarmingly frequent in current fiction.) By far the best sections of Mr. Stegner's book are his pleasant and credible evocations of little-boy life in the country, one of which you may already be familiar with from its publication in the form of a short story.

Vardis Fisher's "The Mothers" (Vanguard, \$2.50) is a historical novel of American pioneer days. A party of travelers—it includes, for popular consumption, a couple of vicious Germans—sets out to reach the green fields of California; although most of the group perish en route, a few hardy souls endure the unendurable tortures in order to reach their destination: this is Mr. Fisher's plot. "The Mothers" is certainly more exciting reading than Mr. Stegner's story

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or Mr. Halper's or Mrs. Carter's. But it is not a really sincere novel either in intention or execution, though it will no doubt make a sincere movie. I regret, however, that Mr. Fisher broke off his account of the beginnings of man, started last year in "The Darkness and the Deep," in order to switch his rather superficial and mechanical Freudianism from the ape world to the more familiar world of modern history, since even his persisting prejudice in favor of women becomes less authoritative, if not less gratifying, when it continues into a period of easier identification.

According to the announcements, Hans Habe's "Kathrine" (Viking, \$2.75) is concerned with the life of an unconventional woman tangled with the destiny of a nation. I expected Mata Hari and was disappointed. After its first pages of watered-down Colette, Mr. Habe's novel is only a dreary, overcharged portrait of a still beautiful cocotte—she was known as Kathrine the Great—who is trying to marry her daughter to the son of her lover. Kathrine's lover happens to be an airplane manufacturer, and the war happens to be threatening—all of which provides Mr. Habe with *his* opportunity to take a fling at the fall of poor France.

"Out of the Silent Planet," by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan, \$2), the diabolically clever author of "The Screwtape Letters," is a well-written novel about a journey to Mars. But unhappily I have no taste for fiction about life anywhere except on earth, and was therefore unable to finish a book which had been recommended to me as distinguished by several friends whose judgment is otherwise unquestionable.

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DRAMA

OTHELLO," in print, is as careless of the house rules of dramaturgy as it is prolific in bursts of poetry that move like ground swells through the emotions and the mind. Its several characters are believable because they speak with the irresistible energy and authority of the poetry; their relations to one another seem contrived, and the play as play would be stopped at almost any point by one sensible remark, for which the cue is always presenting itself.

Margaret Webster's "Othello" (Shubert Theater) is not only believable; by a tour de force of direction she has caused the faulty motivation not to disappear but to seem irrelevant. And only at one point, as I remember, does the unseized cue stand out.

The key to Miss Webster's particular and distinctive solution of a difficult problem lies in her bold use of Iago both as character and as instrument. The hero of this production is not Othello but Iago; the tragedy of the Moor, while it is quite effectively set forth, is, in a sense, the play within the play. Miss Webster might deny this. The audience bears me out. That fact may tell us more about a prevailing attitude toward the clever, sardonic, agile character who has the ruthlessness of his cynicism than about Miss Webster's intentions, but here is, at the very least, an interesting coincidence. (A friend to whom I mentioned this wondered if the sympathy for Iago was an expression of prejudice against a Negro Othello. The answer is no. It was rather the expression of a

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secret admiration for the man who exercises power—of which every human being secretly feels himself capable—and this admiration includes a kind of contempt for anyone, white or black, yellow or brown, over whom that power is successfully exercised. The ovation given to Paul Robeson at the end of the performance was certainly not simulated. It was just as certainly sentimental in part, and far more self-conscious than the wry sympathy accorded to Iago scene by scene. But cynicism and sentimentality are, after all, two sides of the same coin.)

It happens also that the most accomplished actor in the company is José Ferrer, who plays the role of Iago. Where his acting ends and Miss Webster's direction begins it is impossible to tell—their collaboration is complete. I can only record that he plays the role with passion and joy, as if he were creating it. The ostensible and inadequate motivation—Iago's desire to usurp Cassio's place—turns under one's eyes

and ears into the far more sinister and exciting desire to play the part of the villain for the part's sake. Yet he remains understandable in human terms.

And what of Othello? Paul Robeson has an imposing figure and a powerful voice. But he performs rather than acts. Under Miss Webster's direction he performs passably well, but he creates no illusion. He speaks—often sings—Othello's lines, but he is not Othello in the sense that Mr. Ferrer is Iago. And he is not the Moor as Shakespeare conceived him. Both Mr. Robeson and Miss Webster have tried to prove that Othello is a Negro; they have attempted also to prove that "Othello" is a play about race. Both theories seem to me false and foolish. Fortunately Miss Webster's artistic sense is superior to her ideology, which has been confined to the public prints and does not appear in the play.

In Shakespeare's conception the essential quality of the Moor is his foreignness. He is the exotic character—so exotic as to bewitch, for all his denials, the innocent English—not Venetian—Desdemona. The stress upon his blackness points up his alien, not his racial, character. There is no particular reason why a Negro should not play Othello or, for that matter, why a Negro should. Color aside, Robeson is simply not the type. The exotic quality is missing. Moreover, Shakespeare's Moor was surely a man of movement, as agile in his way as Iago. Robeson is monumental and inert. He makes no use whatever of his body, which becomes a dead weight. His voice does move, and it is fit to declaim such wonderful lines as "... when I love not thee, Chaos is come again." But even his voice gets out of character; it is too often reminiscent of Paul Robeson, singer of spirituals. Also its great volume is too often unstoppable—some of Othello's "Oh's" are simply rushes of vast and shapeless sound.

Miss Webster's Emilia is interesting and right. The physical attraction which binds this knowing, unromantic woman to Iago is played up. The sense of their frank pleasure in each other provides an irrational yet unchallengeable explanation for Emilia's blindness to her husband's machinations. And this characterization adds greatly to the dramatic power of the last scene, in which it falls to Emilia to express and release the play's emotional impact. Uta Hagen's Desdemona is less enchanted than one's memory of the part, but hers too is a very accomplished performance. The physical appearance of James Monks, who plays the part of Cassio, makes him not quite believable as the second in command. However, he improves upon acquaintance and he acts well. Roderigo, in this production, is almost a caricature of the Dupe, and Jack Manning plays that characterization to the hilt.

The settings are unobtrusive, as they should be. And both the settings and Miss Webster's use of a stage limited in depth point up the character of Iago as the manipulator who takes the audience into his confidence.

The play, as it is here projected, is of course not a tragedy, since Iago runs the show. Only in the case of Emilia, interestingly enough, do we feel that she is the dupe not so much of Iago as of her own mixed passions. In the last scene she does arouse pity and terror—but mainly for Emilia. Every other character is essentially a puppet dangling on Iago's strings. There is therefore no clash of wills, we do not hate the villain, and virtue is only technically triumphant.

MARGARET MARSHALL

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FILMS

So Proudly We Fail

WE SUFFER—we vaguely realize—a unique and constantly intensifying schizophrenia which threatens no other nation involved in this war. Geography is the core of the disease. Those Americans who are doing the fighting are doing it in parts of the world which seem irrelevant to them; those who are not, remain untouched, virginal, prenatal, while every other considerable population on earth comes of age. In every bit of information you can gather about breakdowns of American troops in combat, overseas, even in the camps, a sense of unutterable dislocation, dereliction, absence of contact, trust, wholeness, and reference, in a kind and force which no other soldiers have to suffer, clearly works at the root of the disaster. Moreover, while this chasm widens and deepens daily between our fighting and civilian populations and within each mind, another—much deeper and wider than any which geography alone could impose—forms and increases between this nation and the other key nations of the world. Their experience of war is unprecedented in immediacy and unanimity. Ours, even in the fraction which has the experience at all, is essentially specialized, lonely, bitter, and sterile; our great majority will emerge from the war almost as if it had never taken place; and not all the lip-service in the world about internationalism will make that different. This, and more and worse, is all so obvious, so horrifying, and so apparently unalterable that, being a peculiarly neurotic people, we are the more liable to nod and pay it the least possible attention. That is unfortunate. Our predicament is bad enough as it stands; the civil and international prospect is unimaginably sinister.

Since it is beyond our power to involve ourselves as deeply in experience as the people of Russia, England, China, Germany, Japan, we have to make up the difference as well as we can at second hand. Granting that knowledge at second hand, taken at a comfortable distance, is of itself choked with new and terrible liabilities, I believe nevertheless that much could be done to combat and reduce those liabilities, and that second-hand knowledge is at least less dangerous than no knowledge at all. And I think it is obvious that in imparting it, moving pictures could be matchlessly

useful. How we might use them, and how gruesomely we have failed to, I lack room to say; but a good bit is suggested by a few films I want to speak of now.

Even the Army Orientation films, through no fault intrinsic to them, carry their load of poison, of failure. You can hear from every sort of soldier from the simplest to the most intricate what a valuable job they are doing. But because they are doing it only for service men they serve inadvertently to widen the abyss between fighters and the civilians who need just as urgently to see them. Civilians, however, get very little chance to learn anything from moving pictures. We are not presumed to be brave enough. And the tragic thing is that after a couple of decades of Hollywood and radio, we are used to accepting such deprivations and insults quite docilely; often, indeed, we resent anyone who has the daring to try to treat us as if we were human beings.

Just now it is a fought question whether numbers four and five of the Orientation Series, "The Battle of Britain" and "The Battle of Russia," will get public distribution. Whether they do depends on what is laughingly called the Office of War Information and on what is uproariously called the War Activities Committee. The OWI's poor little pictures, blue-born with timidity from the start, have finally been sabotaged out of existence; and judging by the performance to date of the WAC, it is not very likely that we shall see these films. And if we do see them, it is more than likely that we shall see them with roast albatrosses like "The Keeper of the Flame" hung around their necks.

I can only urge you to write your Congressman, if he can read. For these films are responsible, irreplaceable pieces of teaching. "Britain," one hour's calculated hammering of the eye and ear, can tell you more about that battle than you are ever likely otherwise to suspect, short of having been there. "Russia," though it is a lucid piece of exposition, is cut neither for fact nor for political needlepoint but purely, resourcefully, and with immensely powerful effect, for emotion. It is by no means an ultimate handling of its material, but it is better than the Russian records from which it was drawn, and next to the tearful magnificence of "The Birth of a Nation" is, I believe, the best and most important war film ever assembled in this country.

Beside it Samuel Goldwyn's "The North Star" is something to be seen more in sorrow than in anger and more

in the attitude of the diagnostician than in any emotion at all. It represents to perfection some crucially symptomatic characteristics of Hollywood and of the American people in so far as Hollywood reflects, or is accepted by, the people. Hollywood's noble, exciting, all but unprecedented intention here is to show the conduct of the inhabitants of a Russian border village during the first days of their war; to show real people, involved in realities, encumbered by a minimum of star-spotlighting or story. The carrying out of that intention implies in every detail the hopeless mistrust in which Hollywood holds its public. To call this "commercial" and to talk about lack of intelligence and taste is, I think, wide of the main mark. The attitude is more nearly that of the fatally misguided parent toward the already all but fatally spoiled child. The result is one long orgy of meeching, sugaring, propitiation, which, as a matter of fact, enlists, develops, and infallibly corrupts a good deal of intelligence, taste, courage, and disinterestedness. I am sorry not to talk at length and in detail about this film. I can only urge you to watch what happens in it: how every attempt to use a reality brings the romantic juice and the annihilation of any possible reality pouring from every gland. In its basic design Lillian Hellman's script could have become a fine picture: but the characters are stock, their lines are tinny-literary, their appearance and that of their village is scrubbed behind the ears and "beautified"; the camera work is nearly all glossy and overcomposed; the proudly complicated action sequences are stale from overtraining; even the best of Aaron Copland's score has no business ornamenting a film drowned in ornament: every resourcefulness appropriate to some kinds of screen romance, in short, is used to make palatable what is by no remote stretch of the mind romantic. I think the picture represents the utmost Hollywood can do, within its present decaying tradition, with a major theme. I am afraid the general public will swallow it whole. I insist, however, that that public must and can be trusted and reached with a kind of honesty difficult, in so mental-hospital a situation, to contrive; impossible, perhaps, among the complicated pressures and self-defensive virtuositities of the great studios.

The thing that so impresses me about the non-fiction films which keep coming over from England is the abounding evidence of just such a universal adulthood, intelligence, and trust as we lack. I lack space to mention them in detail

(the new titles are "I Was a Fireman," "Before the Raid," and, even better, "ABCA" and the bleak, beautiful, and heartrending "Psychiatry in Action"), but I urge you to see every one that comes your way. They are free, as not even our Orientation films are entirely, of salesmanship; they are utterly innocent of our rampant disease of masked contempt and propitiation. It comes about simply enough: everyone, on and off screen and in the audience, clearly trusts and respects himself and others.

There is a lot of talk here about the need for "escape" pictures. To those who want to spend a few minutes in a decently ventilated and healthful world, where, if only for the duration, human beings are worthy of themselves and of each other, I recommend these British films almost with reverence as the finest "escapes" available. JAMES AGEE

DANCE

OF THE two additional Ballet Theater novelties that I have seen, "Pictures of Goya" presents Argentinita and her associates in a sequence of episodes similar to those she has presented without benefit of Goya, including two *jotas* at the end, which are the best and which the group dances superbly. And "Slavonika," revived under the supervision of Lazovsky, impresses me as it did when it was first created by Psota: a constant commotion without a significant movement—without even the significance which the movements might acquire from the personal styles of the dancers, for the leads are danced this time by Karnilova and Romanoff, who lack even technical adequacy for the tasks they are given to do.

On the same program was Massine's "Aleko," with Kaye replacing Markova who was ill. It turned out to be highly interesting. After Kaye's work in "Pillar of Fire" I thought that she might be technically less brilliant than Markova in "Aleko," but would communicate more emotional intensity; actually, to my surprise, she communicated less intensity; and when I thought back to Markova's performance it seemed to me that the greater intensity in the communication had come in the greater sharpness of her movements—in other words, from her greater technical powers. What was so interesting was the way the difference in such powers—a difference so small and yet so enormous—revealed itself at point after point: watching Kaye one saw something difficult being done

well or even brilliantly, whereas watching Markova at the same point one had seen no difficulty, no effort, no doing, but only an exciting pattern of body moving or motionless in space.

A couple of nights later, because of Markova's continued illness, a reshuffling of works and casts brought Massine back to "Capriccio Espagnol"—brought, that is, dancing which communicated inner vitality and authority and power through restraint, subtlety, unflinching plastic coherence, in place of the excessive flinging about of arms and legs that Robbins had done in the earlier performance. But Romanoff was again the inadequate substitute for Lazovsky.

It is one thing to put Kaye into "Aleko" in place of Markova; it is another thing to put Robbins into "Capriccio Espagnol" in place of Massine, or Karnilova into a role formerly danced by Baronova, or Romanoff into the roles of Lazovsky. There has been, this season, too much of minor dancers in major roles, for lack of enough major dancers in the company to take care of all situations, all emergencies—this when people like Riabouchinska, Toumanova, Lichine are around doing nothing.

Lazovsky, it seems, is in the armed forces; and on that I will let Bernard Shaw comment. In a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* in February, 1940, he wrote: "One of the most astonishing artistic developments in the theater of our time has been the rebirth of the high art of ballet at Sadler's Wells. We thought it had died with Diaghilev. That it could revive in its fullest excellence as an English institution in London, in an outlying theater in a neighborhood making no pretense to West End fashionableness, would have seemed twenty years ago the dream of a madman. Well, it has happened, and our British male dancers are as good as any in the world. Necessarily they are young; their ten years' technical training has to begin when they are children, and they are superannuated from leading parts when they are thirty-five. Consequently they are all of military age. What I want to know is whether these irreplaceably rare and highly skilled artists . . . are to be sent into the trenches to fill thirty places which could be better filled by thirty unskilled laborers. If they were key men in any of the mechanical trades they would be exempted as a matter of course. Being artistic key men their importance may not be appreciated by our often Philistine authorities."

I don't know what was done in England; but I believe I read some time ago

that in Russia the musicians and dancers have been kept at their music and dancing—not because their talents made them privileged, but because these talents were considered as important for the nation to preserve for the future as its industrial machinery. That is something our own country understands about young physicists and chemists, but not about young musicians and dancers: if Nijinsky himself had been dancing here recently the army would now be making a soldier of him. Some of the musicians who have been drafted into the armed forces have been used as musicians, but not all: I was told recently of an oboist of one of the country's leading orchestras (good oboists, I might point out, don't grow on trees) who was taken by the Navy Seabees and is now doing heavy construction work. "A dancer," Shaw pointed out, "can keep himself up to the mark only by arduous daily practice. A year of soldiering would ruin him." It would not improve the playing of an oboist. B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

VERNON BARTLETT has been a member of Parliament since 1938, when, outraged by the Munich pact, he contested a by-election as a candidate of the Independent Progressive Party. Previously he had been a correspondent on the Continent for Reuters and various London newspapers, director of the London office of the secretariat of the League of Nations, and a B. B. C. commentator. His "Diary of the Future" will be brought out in book form in England under the title "Tomorrow Always Comes."

LOUIS ADAMIC, author of "The Native's Return," "My America," and "Two-Way Passage," was born in Yugoslavia. He will shortly bring out a new book, "My Native Land."

PAUL ROSENFELD is a well-known critic of art and literature.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL is author of "The Peace We Fight For." As European correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, he saw the rise of Fascism in Italy and of Nazism in Germany.

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Letters to the Editors

Mr. Patton and Mr. Appleby Exchange Words

Dear Sirs: In Paul Appleby's article *Appetite First!* in *The Nation* for September 25 he made a point of how amazingly close production of each agricultural commodity has been to the goal set by the government.

"That didn't just happen," the Under Secretary remarks. Right! As he undoubtedly knows, the goals each year have been figured backward and forward from "production possibilities," but more backward than forward. Goals have been readjusted downward from known needs so as to come within reach without converting, mobilizing, and expanding all of American agriculture to meet the food needs of the war and post-war periods, without annoying the high-price-through-scarcity coalition that almost succeeded in assassinating the Farm Security Administration and has succeeded in blocking proposals to count in 1,300,000 underfinanced, under-equipped, and therefore underemployed farm families. This can be done whenever the American people want it done and let their Administration and their Congress know. It would require a loan authorization of one billion dollars and would yield a dollar and a half in food for each dollar invested. FSA experience shows that more than 90 per cent of this money would be repaid on time.

Mr. Appleby was careful to stipulate throughout his article that food production "could of course have been planned and directed even better," but I fear that he was attempting to put the best possible face on a pretty inadequate and sorry job. Louis Bromfield is dangerously wrong in many of his statements and his conclusions, but his general feeling of dissatisfaction can be justified, though for other reasons, such as the scandalous labor-freezing provisions of Public Law 45, under which farm labor is immobilized in many sections of the country, resulting in simultaneous labor shortages and surpluses.

Paul Appleby is too fine a mind and too much a friend of underemployed working farmers to be used as an apologist for a food-production program which he was allowed no part in framing.

JAMES G. PATTON,

President, National Farmers' Union
Washington, October 7.

Dear Sirs: I was answering Mr. Bromfield, who did not make the point Mr. Patton makes in his letter. If Mr. Patton's letter has any real reference to my article, it is to ask why I took the trouble to answer Bromfield and why I didn't write about how a still better job could have been done. Bromfield gave the consuming public a wholly erroneous notion which has a direct bearing on the conduct of the war. I tried to show how little he knew about the subject, and to reassure the consuming public. Mr. Patton is not declaring otherwise. His letter is about what might have been done in addition. I agree with him that a better job could have been and still could be done by a special program helping lower-income farmers produce more. I don't agree that the failure to get that last 5 or 7½ per cent makes all the actually stupendous achievement something that shouldn't be pointed to with pride and assurance. His point I indorse; his zeal I applaud; his language tends to be too extreme in suggesting that his point is all there is to the food story. He knows better.

PAUL H. APPLEBY, Under Secretary,
Department of Agriculture
Washington, October 15

On Excluding the Chinese

Dear Sirs: President Roosevelt's message to Congress urging repeal of the Chinese-exclusion laws focuses public attention sharply on long anachronistic limitations against the people of a friendly nation. It is to be hoped that Congress will quickly pass the Andrews-Magnuson bills to admit Chinese to citizenship.

Within the week the American Federation of Labor convention in Boston instructed its executive council to "make a thorough study of the question of possible future revision" of immigration laws affecting Oriental races. But in this crucial period, when our Chinese allies have for six years borne the brunt of Japanese aggression, there is no time for "studying" these statutes, which are a potent weapon for our common enemy.

The original Chinese Exclusion Act was put through by Californian and Southern conservatives in 1882, ostensibly to "keep out cheap coolie labor"—after the transcontinental railroads had been built chiefly by imported Chinese.

Certainly there is no danger of any

deluge of cheap labor resulting from the proposed repeal. Only 105 Chinese would be admitted annually under quota provisions. But it would remove for all time the stigma of "undesirability" from the oldest civilized nation. We owe China that act of good-will.

Some months ago our country acclaimed the First Lady of China, Mme Chiang Kai-shek. Yet this gallant lady, who represents the true spirit of the Chinese people, could never come in as an immigrant under our present laws.

ROSE PESOTTA,
Vice-President, International Ladies'
Garment Workers' Union
New York, October 12

Poland and Russia

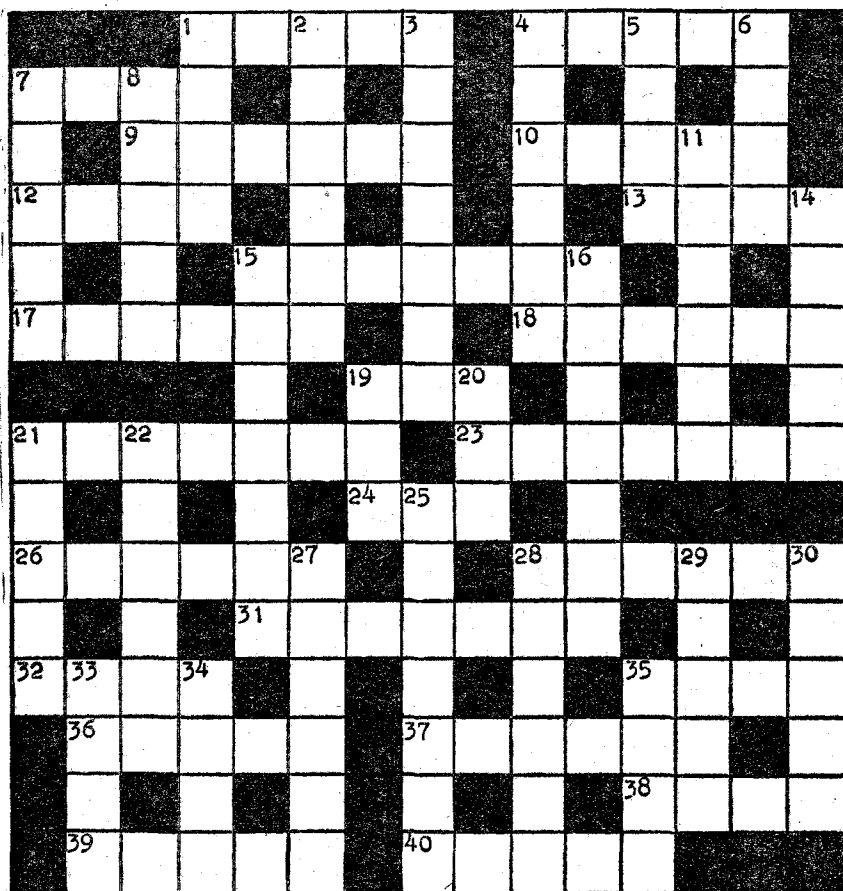
Dear Sirs: Marcin Rylski's article entitled *Poland and Russia*, which appeared in the Political War Section of *The Nation* on October 9, is an unfortunate deviation from your publication's tradition of fair and forthright presentation of facts.

Historical and geographical conditions and current political difficulties make the future of Polish-Russian relations a natural subject for discussion among Poles. But in alleging that it is official Polish policy to expect a restored Poland to stand "against Russia," Mr. Rylski is absolutely incorrect. It may be true that certain Polish right-wing and reactionary groups—like the clique around Colonel Matuszewski—stake Poland's future on opposition to Russia. But these groups not only lack any influence within Poland; they are outside the Polish government and in open opposition to it. The present government of Poland is based on a coalition of left, center, and moderate political parties, all of which are in agreement as to certain fundamentals of Polish policy, including the necessity for Poland to be on good-neighborly terms with the Soviet Union. The late General Sikorski's efforts to achieve that aim are continued by his successor in office, Premier Mikolajczyk, and by the Polish democratic parties. It is regrettable that so far those efforts have remained one-sided.

Indeed, there is considerable difference in the attitude taken toward Russia by the legitimate democratic parties of Poland and those groups represented by the Union of Polish Patriots in Moscow.

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 36

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 It's the devil when you lose a letter from a pal
- 4 All the world, according to Shakespeare
- 7 Not exactly miserly but not far from it
- 9 Wearisomeness, not a song of praise
- 10 In Egypt—and in Illinois
- 12 Land in the water
- 13 One usually goes to a city to see a man about this
- 15 Sort of fish or meat ball (mostly fish)
- 17 He gets paid for giving people socks
- 18 The dark woman loses her head but nevertheless shows you the way out
- 19 Harmless missile
- 21 Say without seeing, or see without saying
- 23 An unpleasant ending to a line of kings
- 24 Short of being a father by far
- 26 Brides in the wreckage
- 28 An old poulterer
- 31 Threadbare
- 32 It simply isn't done
- 35 "What's in it?" as Juliet said about Romeo's
- 36 One thing a dentist can't do to your teeth
- 37 An afternoon service (hyphen, 3 and 3)
- 38 I make a habit of putting my foot in it
- 39 Trail
- 40 Good winding-up dances

DOWN

- 1 Not costing anything to deliver
- 2 Strong medicine

- 3 Right of ownership
- 4 Shape of the harvest moon?
- 5 Entrance that fails to entrance
- 6 It used to be enough
- 7 Sound of denial from the stables
- 8 One thing that will show changes after the war
- 11 It could be slower
- 14 Swift once said that a nice man is a man of such ideas
- 15 A forbidding air?
- 16 Pick-me-ups on the morning after, perhaps (hyphen, 3 and 4)
- 19 Fit of the sulks
- 20 Finishes off a soft drink
- 21 Successful candidates may later on rise to it
- 22 No burs in this
- 25 Lost her in a sort of case
- 27 Bag for 39
- 28 You may be landed with this
- 29 Reluctant
- 30 The ruff's mate
- 33 We often say we have been waiting for them
- 34 Give more room to
- 35 Cape worn by the sea

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 35

ACROSS:—1 WATER; 4 UNION; 7 EFFECTS; 10 ROSIN; 11 EDITH; 12 THIN AIR; 13 SPED; 16 STOW; 18 THROB; 20 BALLET; 21 NONAGE; 22 LAVISH; 24 SCHOOL; 25 EARTH; 26 AMIR; 28 LOPE; 31 SADDLES; 33 READE; 34 ALONG; 35 AMNESTY; 36 NATAL; 37 SIEVE.

DOWN:—1 WIRES; 2 TASTE; 3 RENT; 4 USER; 5 IDIOT; 6 NOHOW; 8 FRIGHT; 9 CHARON; 14 PABULUM; 15 DELIVER; 16 SEAFOWL; 17 OVERLAP; 18 TENSE; 19 BOTCH; 23 HARDEN; 24 STILES; 26 AARON; 27 INAPT; 29 OZONE; 30 EAGLE; 31 SEAL; 32 SAYS.

The bona fide Polish democratic parties believe in international morality and the comity of nations. They are for an agreement between Poland and Russia, but they oppose any idea of "trimming" Poland against her will. For the Union of Polish Patriots, however, Moscow's word is law. As a matter of fact, its members are mostly either known Communists or old-time fellow-travelers. Others are window-dressing, and in some instances probably unwilling puppets. The Union of Polish Patriots is one of the chief obstacles in the way of Polish-Soviet friendship. The Polish government is willing to negotiate with the Soviet government, but if any results are to be achieved, the Union of Polish Patriots will have to be left out of the picture.

Mr. Rylski represents the twenty Poles and Polish Americans who signed the so-called "Appeal to Reason" as the Polish American counterpart of the Union of Polish Patriots in Moscow. I think that some at least of the twenty signatories may not relish this view. As to the group represented by Edward Puhacz, which is introduced as the London counterpart of the Union of Polish Patriots, the only thing which can be observed about them is their complete anonymity, with the exception of Mr. Puhacz himself, who is known as having been a hireling of the pre-war semi-fascist Polish regime. Moreover, he has been convicted of libel by a British court and is considered a deserter from the Polish army.

Mr. Rylski seems to have doubts as to the sentiments of the Polish people on Polish-Soviet relations. Differences of opinion may exist, but it is well known that those who advocate Poland's acceptance of Russia's claims do not belong to the legitimate underground. Allegedly "underground" papers advocating a view contrary to that taken by the Polish political parties and the Polish government are of Soviet origin.

Mr. Rylski says that the Polish people "will make their choice." It is evident from Rylski's article that his choice is made. And so is the Polish people's. They do not coincide. The Polish people have chosen the way leading to an independent, democratic republic, to social progress, and to good relations with their neighbors. They refuse and will consistently refuse to be anybody's puppets.

WIKTOR J. EHRENPREIS,

Secretary, Polish Labor Group
New York, October 16

[Mr. Rylski's answer to Mr. Ehrenpreis will be printed next week.]